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Vol. 1
Part 1

ARTISTIC HOUSES

BEING A SERIES OF

Interior Views of a number of the Most Beautiful and
Celebrated Homes in the United States

WITH

A Description of the Art Treasures contained therein



NEW YORK
PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS
By D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
MDCCCLXXXIII

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ARTISTIC HOUSES

Edition limited to 500 copies

No. 85

Printed for MR. DAVID JAMES KING, NEW YORK

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

WITH the present issue of the tenth section, "ARTISTIC HOUSES" is completed, and the publishers feel disposed to congratulate themselves on the termination of a work that has engaged the kind offices of so many contributors for more than two years. That every one of the two hundred plates in this portfolio is the most nearly perfect specimen of its kind in the United States they do not profess to believe, but that the collection as a whole is the worthiest extant representative of the triumphs of contemporaneous American interior architecture and decoration they are assured, not only by their own conviction, but by the testimony of American architects themselves, and of foreign architects who, especially in Paris, have expressed their delight and surprise at the revelations made by some of these pictures.

The difficulties of producing such a work as this are best known, of course, to the publishers themselves. Each plate in the series has been secured through the courtesy of the owner of the house of which it depicts a part, and in many instances, very naturally, this consent was not thrust upon the attention of those who sought it. The strictly private nature of the enterprise—it being in a sense the exclusive property of its five hundred subscribers—lent welcome assistance to the prosecution of it; and the generous co-operation of the subscribers was an encouragement, without the expectation of which the task would not have been attempted. But, notwithstanding these pleasant general features, the special perplexities, obstacles, and discouragements have been much more numerous than the unprofessional reader would surmise. In the effort to obtain adequate representations of these nearly

ten

Explanatory Note.

ten score rooms the photographer has tried far more than ten score times, and when, after repeated efforts with a single negative, a satisfactory result has been reached, his skill and labor have often come to naught because the plate has been broken in transit, or because the owner of the house has signified his preference for another point of view. Some of the negatives, after receiving the approbation of both publishers and patron, have turned out to be useless when submitted to the phototype process, and it was necessary to begin over again with the work of the camera, as much to the inconvenience of the patron as to the financial loss of the publishers. When at length a phototype impression was made and submitted to the latter, a delay of weeks might occur before the suggestions of the art-editor could be carried out in the interests of perfection of reproduction. In fact, next to the enormous expense of producing this extended work, the numerous and vexatious delays are, in the memory of the publishers, the most conspicuous features of the undertaking. Sometimes it has seemed as if the Fates themselves were in league against the appearance of a dilatory section.

But these things are now of the past, and, in presenting the completed "ARTISTIC HOUSES" to the subscribers, the publishers acknowledge, with grateful feelings, the hearty and unfailing co-operation it has received from the leading architects of the United States, who, in a hundred ways, have lent their services to its success. They venture to believe that the presentation it makes of the beauty and comfort of the American home will be a lasting and most honorable memorial of the genius that inspired them. The domestic architecture of no nation in the world can show trophies more original, affluent, or admirable.

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VOLUME ONE.—PART I

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MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S ROOMS.

MR. TIFFANY'S flat, in East Twenty-sixth Street, has special interest as an exposition of his views on the subject of the interior decoration of houses. It was by the effort to overcome the difficulties presented by his apartments, in their crude and raw state, that this artist was led into the systematic study of the principles of the profession which he is now practicing. The chief apartment is the drawing-room, and here the visitor encounters one phase of that very delicate Moorish decoration which, in Mr. Tiffany's judgment, is best suited to such a place. By Moorish decoration the reader is to understand, not a copy of anything that ever has existed or still exists, but only a general feeling for a particular type. The effort has been in direct opposition to external fidelity to an original. All that was striven for was a simple suggestion of the ancient Moorish style, the artist believing that an entire rendering of it, or of any other, would have belittled him, besides being impossible; for something of its spirit would necessarily have escaped him in these later days, when his environment is so different from that of the Moorish decorator himself. Throughout Mr. Tiffany's rooms, indeed, the visitor will be struck by the absence of any token of servile imitation. A variety of styles present themselves, but not one of them is a copy. In this drawing-room, for instance, the Moorish feeling has received a dash of East Indian, and the wall-papers and ceiling-papers are Japanese, but there is a unity that binds everything into an *ensemble*, and the spirit of that unity is delicacy.

Let us look at these paper-hangings. The tone of the ceiling is buff with blotches of mica, the latter shining much more brightly than silver,

*Japanese
wall-
paper.*

silver, and being so admirably adapted to its purpose that attempts—unsuccessful as yet—have been made by American manufacturers to use it in the execution of their wall-paper designs. The secret still remains with the artistic Japanese, who, in addition to making a wall-paper much finer than the heaviest French specimens, have the faculty of so working in the flat that the material always looks like paper, and always expresses the quality of paper, and not of anything else. On the east side of the room, the ceiling comes down two or three feet to the frieze; on the west side, its paper melts into another variety, and produces its own special effect.

*Relation of
a picture to
its sur-
roundings.*

The prevailing ground of the walls is pink, and it is curious and interesting to note how pleasantly this tint supports the hues of a water-color picture by Mr. Tiffany—the “Cobblers of Bouffarik”—which hangs in a wide frame of very low-relief. The artist has tried to keep the whole work, frame and picture, flat, as a part of the wall, and, by so doing, to prevent the picture from disturbing the line or color scheme of that part of the room, and from missing the needed light which a projecting frame would have shut off. He desired that the picture, so hung, should look better, should have more to say for itself, than if placed elsewhere, or otherwise. He purposed that it should enter into the general scheme of its surroundings, and be at rest; in other words, that it should meet the fundamental artistic requirement of repose. It is self-contained and serene, and its environment ministers to its peace.

A screen with light Moorish columns separates the drawing-room from the hall, and between the columns are curtains of old Japanese stuffs, hung by light brass rings on light brass rods—so light that the weight causes them to sag. From a yellow against a blue below, the scheme of color of these curtains rises through a series of more and more delicate tones into a neutral, broad effect of lattice-work of linen cord, partly hidden by a fringe of the same material. The sagging of the brass rods is considered appropriate and natural, and the columns and the curtains go together admirably.

The four long windows on the north side, which the artist found

when

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when he began to decorate the room, and which, had he been consulted by the architect, would have been one double window, leaving the wall less cut up, and the lights and shadows less broken, have been dealt with in part. Two of them are treated together, by running across their tops a wide band of stained-glass work, and across their bottoms a comfortable divan, where the guest sits under shadow. Another difficulty, caused by the enforced presence of part of the division-wall which once made two rooms of the present drawing-room, has been met by covering it with an immense mirror, whose service in producing a sense of enlargement is wonderful. The principal cabinet is made almost entirely of glass with the purpose of displaying its contents instead of hiding them, as is so often done. Mr. Tiffany seems to have said to himself: "My cabinet is to contain some important curiosities, which are too interesting to be hid. I will construct it, therefore, of material adapted to show its contents, and I will not have it so fine that people will look at it rather than at what is in it." The short, unobtrusive legs are covered with silvered metal. In constructing the mantel, the idea was to get as large a fire-place as possible; and, as the presence of a flue forbade the widening of the opening already there, Mr. Tiffany made his mantel long and wide, building it up to the ceiling, and increasing the effect of the fire-place by covering the wall just above it with many sheets of mica, through which the light from the fire glistens. A pair of old brass andirons, with round tops, smile on the hearth. The mantel is faced with tiles, and its shelves are laden with pottery and porcelains.

Step into the hall, and the contrast is intense. You have gone from delicacy into roughness. The wood-work, desired to be in a tone that would seem vigorous in a half-light, was painted a bright red; and the half-light effect obtained by perforating a circular burner so many times that the gas would come through it flickering, like the flame of a torch. The steady light of the drawing-room is replaced by a light mysterious and undefined, because the idea was to produce an impression of mystery and indefiniteness; and the color in this semi-

dark

dark place is kept agreeable by being kept warm. The rough pine-wood of the beams of the ceiling is gouged in many places, and ornamented with heavy nail-heads, to make it rougher still. The stained glass-work consists of very rough pieces; and the old Flemish tapestry that hangs at the entrance to the dining-room is rough, too, in execution and design. It is easy to see that in this small hall Mr. Tiffany has made himself felt; and one notable feature of it is that the expense has been next to nothing.

The dining-room.

We leave it for the dining-room. Here the furniture of American oak, with its fine blotches of grain, and Japanese mushroom wall-paper, with ceiling to carry out a sort of tiling with blue plaques, impress by their simplicity and by a certain strangeness, as if the host had sedulously endeavored to express himself, irrespective of other men, and had done so, all the while, under the restraining influence of a liberal education. A small, hanging cabinet made of the embroidered leather of an old Spanish trunk, is decorated generously with quaint clasps and metallic bands. The frieze and lower band of the wall are embroidery on cloth.

*Sitting-room—
ceiling of
Japanese
paper.*

Passing from this dining-room into the sitting-room, we see again a ceiling of Japanese paper, with a frieze designed by Mr. Tiffany from natural forms after the Japanese style. The walls are paneled with Japanese matting, the panels being small—say, three feet by two—some of them painted by hand, while others show the plain matting, or serve as frames for pictures. A notable marine sketch by Samuel Colman fills one of these places, very quiet in its neutral tone, and carried just far enough to preserve the impression of the scene which the artist designed to depict. The frame is nothing but the narrow molding used to tack the matting to the wall, and exemplifies strikingly the true office of a frame, as Mr. Tiffany conceives it. The usual heavy gilt inclosure would have shut off this picture from all share in “the graceful ease and sweetness void of pride” of its surroundings, and acted as a hindrance, not only to Mr. Colman’s charming and self-restrained sketch, but also to the general influence of the apartment. Here the yellow

*The true
office of a
frame.*

tone

tone of the walls helps to keep the picture flat, and make it look like a part of the whole side of the room. One feels instinctively that a strong and self-assertive piece of painting, like a Munkacsy, for example, would be out of place here; that its strength would weaken the spirit and temper of its delicate environment; that such a work would suit the hall better, or at least some other apartment than this delicately decorated living-room. To have placed it on the wall, would have been to introduce a blotch or spot of color into an otherwise harmonious scheme. Moreover, to have hedged the Colman about with a huge and intrusive frame, would have been to make a hole in the wall, which is precisely what Mr. Tiffany would have been unwilling to do, a picture, in his view, being not intended to deceive the spectator into the belief that he is looking at a piece of out-doors. It may mystify, to be sure, but never deceive. Mystery is good: to allure the eye to look and not find out, is excellent in art; but to deceive is bad, because the sense of disappointment, after the deception has been discovered, is disagreeable.

The doors in this apartment attract attention at once. They are quite unlike one another, for one thing. The large entrance to the drawing-room, where the usual sliding-doors would have been expected, could not be so occupied, because of a chimney which would not consent to be penetrated. But a sliding-door was used, nevertheless—only, instead of sliding into the chimney, it slides outside of it, on wheels that run along an iron bar above the entrance-way, acting very much like some barn-doors. It is constructed, for the most part, of small glass panes, and covered by a cheerful curtain of Japanese crape, which can be drawn, or pulled back, at pleasure; and on account of sliding from above, instead of on the floor, there is no groove of brass to trip the passer from one room into the other. The general effect, with the painted wheels, is blue. It is a pretty feature of the room. The door into the hall has two small doors in its center, which can be opened or shut at will, so that one is able to communicate with a visitor on the other side of it, without opening it. The two upright and parallel

*A novel
sliding-
door.*

windows

windows on the same level on the north side have been subjected to a course of treatment by which one of them seems several feet lower than the other, without actually having been cut down. A brass radiator, thrown across the bottom of the left-hand window, makes its sill higher than that of its neighbor; a wide band of glass-work, built across the top of the right-hand window, makes it seem lower than its neighbor. The effort is for irregular balance, as it so often appears in Japanese art; and still further, for special fitness, one of the windows being used to look out of, and therefore needing to be low, while the purpose of the other is to light the room.

*Principles
involved.*

Mr. Tiffany's rooms, indeed, may be considered as an exemplification of these two principles of decorative design, the principle of fitness, and the principle of irregular balance. Illegitimate art, he would say, is art that lacks fitness; in other words, a proper adaptation of means to ends; and decorative art, if it would avoid monotony, must introduce irregular balances.

MRS. A. T. STEWART'S HOUSE.

THE interior of the Stewart mansion, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, is palatial. Many European palaces are less so. The first and second floors are of Carrara marble throughout. The casings of the doors and windows are of this material, elaborately carved. The grand stairway and railing are entirely of white marble. Every ceiling is eighteen feet nine inches high. There are no closets, properly speaking; each partition-wall divides one huge apartment from another. Furniture and hangings seem to have been obtained without care for cost; or, rather, only the most costly seem to have been selected. Money flowed abundantly during the seven years when this white-marble palace was building for a merchant-prince, and in exchange for it came magnificence, splendor, luxury. Enter by the main doors on Thirty-fourth Street, after climbing twenty or thirty white-marble steps, and the vast hall, lined on each side with life-size or colossal white-marble statues, and terminating in the grand picture-gallery, presents an imposing vista. The "Water-Nymph," by Tandardini, stands on its pedestal opposite the "Fisher-Girl," by Tadolini, each nearly nude; Crawford's "Demosthenes" faces Harriet Hosmer's "Zenobia"; Crawford's "Flora," holding in her hands a great wreath of flowers, is *vis-à-vis* to Randolph Rogers's "Blind Girl of Pompeii." Between the latter statue and the "Zenobia" rises an immense French clock, from the factory of Eugene Cornu, Paris, surmounted by a silvered bronze figure, holding in her right hand a swaying pendulum, the whole fourteen feet high, and indicating not only the hour, minute, and second of the day, but also the day of the week,

The entrance.

week, the change of the moon, the record of the barometer and thermometer, and various other matters. The door at the left of the main entrance opens into the dining-room; at the right, into the reception-room; and another door at the right, into the music-room; while between the last two doors a side-hall stretches its white-marble floor toward Fifth Avenue and the drawing-room. Beyond the door of the dining-room the main stairway begins its lordly, semicircular ascent.

*The dining-room.—
Brigaldi's
frescoes.*

We will go into the dining-room first, and look at the elegant frescoes of the Italian artist Brigaldi, who came from Europe to execute them. They are exclusively in encaustic, and have proved so durable that although recently washed with common soap and water, and rubbed with pumice-stone, in order to remove the blackening caused by the heat of the furnace, they are as bright and fresh as on the day they were finished. The walls are marked off in large panels with solid grounds; and the design of the ceiling, very delicately wrought out in scroll-work and floriated ornament enriched with miniature figures, invites examination by its conscientious and painstaking elaboration. M. Brigaldi executed five thousand dollars' worth of painting in this room, five thousand more in the breakfast-room adjoining it, and five thousand more in the picture-gallery adjoining the breakfast-room; and if you should take a magnifying-glass and mount a ladder and inspect the traces of his brush, your conduct would be quite in keeping with what the artist would have desired. The frieze is raised work, gilded and painted. From the large bay-window at the extremity of the room, and from all the other windows, depend hangings of Gobelin tapestry, with which stuff also the chairs are covered. The furniture, here and in the breakfast-room, is of solid rose-wood, made in New York after the late Mr. Stewart's designs.

The reception-room.

Let us cross the hall and enter the reception-room. Brigaldi's brush has been at work here also, and in every apartment of the house. It was busy for twelve months. The carpet is of a design to match the ceiling. Blue silk of a chintz pattern covers the chairs and sofas, and hangs before the windows and door-ways. Merle's Hamlet and Ophelia,

“Get

"Get thee to a Nunnery"; C. Clairin's "Carnival at Venice," with the column of St. Mark's in the foreground; Torte's "Communist Woman," in red sash and turban, looking scornfully about her; Ferrier's "Margherite" going to church with prayer-book in hand and down-cast eyes; Jacquet's "Turkish Woman" of the seraglio; and Bouguereau's "Shepherdess" holding affectionately in her arms a lamb whose mother bleats by her side, ornament the walls—oil-paintings all of them, mostly life-size, practically harmonious in artistic resources and styles, and uniformly pleasing, as the popular appetite counts pleasingness. Four rose-wood cabinets, with bronze and gilt panels bearing figures in relief, adjoin with careful regularity each corner of the room, while a costly table of rose-wood, covered with a large slab of Mexican onyx, and bearing various expensive ornaments of bronze and onyx, occupies the center. The effect, again, is palatial.

We pass directly from this elegant reception-room into the grand drawing-room, which extends along the entire Fifth Avenue side of the building. The tone is golden. Brigaldi's encaustic frescoes of flowers and ideal figures shine from the ceiling, and are reflected in the pattern of the carpet on the floor. The walls, of solid brick and marble, with iron furring and lathing, received four coats of paint before his brush touched them. Furniture of gilded whitewood, covered with pale-yellow satin, is disposed methodically. Three lofty windows admit an abundance of light on the Fifth Avenue side, and opposite them are three doors, one leading into the music-room, one into the side-hall, and one into the reception-room. Between the windows the panels are almost filled with massive French mirrors with beveled edges; and beside the single window on Thirty-fourth Street stand a pair of *torches* ten feet high, bearing seven burners each, constructed of gilded bronze and French onyx, and acting as sentinels to Salv-Albano's marble bust, "Maternal Love," a mother carrying her child on her back. In the central window on Fifth Avenue is R. H. Park's marble group, "First Love," flanked by two magnificent ten-thousand-dollar Sèvres vases, the pictures on which represent respectively "Music" and "Painting."

Two

Two well-filled cabinets, about nine feet long and four feet high, covered with crimson plush, and laden with ornaments of porcelain, stand between the door-ways opposite; and facing them are two center-tables of gilt and onyx, bearing ornaments of glass and porcelain. A massive pair of gilt and onyx chandeliers hang from the ceiling. The crimson plush of the cabinets is repeated in the heavy portières, whose borders are enriched with gilt *appliqué*-work. There are no oil-paintings or other wall-pictures in this splendid drawing-room.

The music-room.

But in the music-room hang six large ones. All the darker colors of the ceiling and walls are a light-green. A rose-wood center-table, bordered with bronze bas-reliefs impersonating the four seasons of the year; three rose-wood cabinets, with silver or bronze high-reliefs, on the upright panels; a white-marble mantel, simple in design and gracefully carved, on whose shelf rest an onyx and gilt clock and onyx and gilt candelabra, constitute the principal features.

The picture-gallery.

The grand picture-gallery next claims our attention. It is about fifty feet high, thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet long, lighted from the top. In the deep frieze, on backgrounds of warm color, appear the portrait-heads of the American artists Huntington, Church, Bierstadt, and Elliott; and the foreign artists Rosa Bonheur, Delaroche, Couture, Horace Vernet, Gérôme, and Meissonier. The walls are entirely concealed by oil-paintings, and two rows of easels, extending the whole length of the apartment, are laden with similar treasures. The greater part of the western wall is covered by Rosa Bonheur's celebrated "Horse Fair," the sky of which has lately been restored, the picture looking as fresh as it did twenty years ago. Balancing this work, on the opposite wall, is Auguste Bonheur's "Landscape with Cattle," an immense canvas.

Meissonier's "1807."

The center of the northern wall holds Meissonier's celebrated "1807," for which Mr. Stewart paid sixty thousand dollars, and in which is depicted Napoleon I in all his glory on the field of battle, mounted on his charger, surrounded by his marshals, and witnessing a furious dash of cuirassiers, while the smoke of the conflict rolls away on his right. The drawing, the elaboration, and the composition of this military representation

resentation are wonderful even to artists. Meissonier's intention is fully explained in the following extract from a letter written by himself to the late Mr. Stewart:

"I have the conviction—which I do not express without a certain pride—that the value of this work will increase with time. What may or can be said of it will pass away, but the picture will remain, to be an honor to both of us; and although it can defend itself, yet, among the thousands of persons who have hastened to see it, many have done it injustice with a certain malevolent appreciation. Still, I have the right, having painted it with so much sincerity of purpose, to defend and explain it. Strange as this may appear, it must be done; because, however singular may be the fact, some, I understand, have not been pleased to go and see it for themselves, but have adopted the unfair judgment of others.

Explanatory letter from Meissonier.

"I did not intend to paint a battle; I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory; I wanted to paint the love, the adoration of the soldiers for the great captain in whom they had faith, and for whom they were ready to die.

"I previously had represented, in the picture '1814,' the heart-rending end of the Imperial Dream—those men, only recently intoxicated with glory, now shown exhausted, and no longer believing in their invincible chief. My palette then did not have colors sad enough for the purpose; but to-day, in 'Friedland, 1807,' wishing everything to appear brilliant at this triumphant moment, it seemed to me I was unable to find colors sufficiently dazzling. No shade should be upon the imperial face to take from him the epic character I wished to give him. The battle, already commenced, was necessary to add to the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and make the subject stand forth, but not to diminish it by saddening details. All such shadows I avoided, and presented nothing but a dismounted cannon and some growing wheat which would never ripen. This was enough.

"The men and the emperor are in presence of one another. The soldiers cry to him that they are his; and the impassive chief, whose imperial

imperial will directs the masses that move around him, salutes his devoted army. He and they plainly comprehend one another, and absolute confidence is expressed in every face.

"Such was the idea as it leaped from my brain at the first instant when I embodied the picture in thought, and which, in spite of the long time I have taken to put it on canvas, has always remained with me so clear and plain that I have never in any manner modified it.

"As to the execution, only a painter (and one of great experience) can say what time, labor, and patience have been brought to bear upon this work to produce a single whole out of so many diverse elements. Only he can say how difficult it is, from such varied materials, to put aside all those artifices which so often are used in art to cover defects. The growing wheat is even proof of the difficulties I have encountered in covering it with the dust which hides so many things.

"I said to you, at the beginning, and again let me repeat it, that I have faith in my work. Time will consolidate and strengthen it more and more, and I am also certain your enlightened love for art will protect it in case there should be need."

In the center of the southern wall hangs Bouguereau's large figure-piece, "The Return from the Harvest." About these four pictures are gathered scores of examples of modern artists more or less famous: Fortuny appears in the marvelously certain and quick touch, and the brilliant tone-study, of his "Snake-Charmer," and in the superb light and spaciousness of his coast-scene, "Plage de Portici," the unfinished seated figures in the foreground sadly reminding the spectator that it was the last work of the most splendid of modern colorists. Alfred Stevens contributes his "Après le Bal," two perfectly modeled figures, draped with even more than characteristic felicity, one of them bending in sorrow over her feminine companion's arm, while a tell-tale *billet-doux* lies upon the table. Gérôme, in his "Charioteers" speeding their horses in a vast amphitheatre, shows, by its careless treatment of the legs and action of those beasts, how a great artist may slight a subject even when executing an eighty-thousand franc order; but he splendidly redeems his reputation in the famous

Other
paintings.

Fortuny.

Gérôme's
"Charioteers."

famous "Gladiators" contending before Cæsar; and especially in the "Collaboration" from the *Salon* of 1874, where Molière sits at a table in a golden calm, listening to the reading of a manuscript by his collaborator in the production of a play. Meissonier, who scarcely ever paints a woman, has painted two of them for Mr. Stewart. "Asking for Alms," or, to quote the original title, "L'Aumône," represents a cavalier on horseback stopping in a leafy lane to fumble in his pocket for some coins for a beggar-woman and her infant child. When the artist was executing this work, his New York patron entered the studio, and noticed that the suppliant, who was to receive the equestrian's charity, was leaning against a tree. "Look here, young man," exclaimed Mr. Stewart to Meissonier, "that's not according to Gunther." "Hold on," was the reply—"hold on, until it is finished." As finished, the woman stands without arboreal support. On another occasion the merchant-prince observed in the same studio a "View of Nice," from the brush of Meissonier *fil.* "I will take that picture," he said, to the father, "if you will paint into it the portraits of your son and his wife." The offer was accepted, the portraits were introduced by the paternal hand, and the work, with these notable additions, is a celebrity of the Stewart collection. A small water-color, about eight inches by six, is the elder Meissonier's portrait-head of himself. Michetti's "Misty Morning," bluish-toned, stands for an excellent example of that singularly clever brush-man. Zamacoïs's scene in "Une Antechambre au Louvre, sous Henri III," where the dwarf court-jesters are sporting on the floor, makes one feel afresh how great was the loss to art at the untimely taking off of the brilliant Franco-Spaniard. Munkacsy's delightful figure-piece, "The Visit to the Baby"—a young mother, pale and happy, receiving the congratulations of two lady friends to whom the nurse is proudly exhibiting the latest arrival—produces its captivating effect with much less bitumen than the works that gave him fame. This genuine piece of portrayal is equally successful in tone and in story. A hundred years hence it will tell how French ladies were dressed in Paris in the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century, and will please by its scheme

Meissonier's
"L'Aumône."

Paintings
by Michetti,

Zamacoïs,

Munkacsy.

*Munkacsy's
"Visit to
the Baby."*

scheme of color; it will depict the operation of some of the tenderest and sweetest sentiments known to the human heart, and will stand as an example of masterly brush-work; it will delight both the popular and the professional taste. More nearly than any other picture in the Stewart collection does this remarkable work fulfill this twofold requirement, its "literary" subject being extraordinarily felicitous, and its executive merits extraordinarily numerous. For, be it observed, Munkacsy here demonstrates that he is not only a skilled draughtsman, modeler, and composer, but also a colorist and a poet; not only a painter, but also an artist, and able to address himself eloquently, that is to say, persuasively, not only to his professional brothers, but to the public at large. This celebrated artist is still young, having been born at Munkacs, Austro-Hungary, in 1846. Previous to 1870, when he exhibited in the *Salon* his "Condemned to Death," he was almost unknown. His first price for an oil-painting was a dinner, and for some years afterward he was glad to get forty dollars for an interior with figures. To-day his "Visit to the Baby" is supposed to be worth, in Paris, at least forty thousand dollars. A young American painter, who knew him at Düsseldorf two years before his first appearance at the *Salon*,

Munkacsy. describes Munkacsy as of medium height and good figure, with "pleasant face, light beard, and crisp mustache; his dreamy, melancholy eyes looked out from under bent brows, and his massive forehead was covered with thick, curly locks of brown hair, prematurely streaked with gray. Handsome or not, his appearance was striking, and was emphasized still more by a slight singularity of dress, which included a sort of dolman and top-boots, and was a half compromise with the national costume of Hungary. He resembled strikingly portraits of Beethoven." Everybody liked him. He was passionately fond of out-door sports, and knew how to manage a horse like a cavalryman. He could play tricks like a magician, and could act at amateur theatricals with professional skill. He whistled "as Patti sings; with his features in perfect repose, like a marble faun's, and the handsome lines of his mouth scarcely contracted in the least, he gave utterance to the most strangely beautiful

beautiful notes—ripples of silvery sound that a nightingale might envy, or a mocking-bird break its heart in trying to imitate. Mournful Hungarian melodies came from his lips plaintive as a sigh, rising and falling in improvised variations, and then bursting into a clear, liquid warble, like that of a bird."

Some sympathy exists between R. Madrazo's picture of a woman standing erect in front of a monkey and Alfred Stevens's "After the Ball," so far as the modeling and coloring of the principal figure are concerned. ^{*Paintings by Madrazo, Alfred Stevens,*} The charm, in each instance, is derived partly from the sculptural character of the form, and partly from the absence of metallic quality in the flesh-tints, and crudity of tone. Near hangs a still-life by Desgoffe—a picture of a costly center-table partly covered ^{*Desgoffe,*} by silk stuff of sapphire hue, on which rest a drinking-cup of glass and an onyx bowl, the whole elaborated with that minutely painstaking care for which the artist is celebrated, and challenging competition. It is difficult to see how a painter's brush can carry the attempt at external realization much further than Desgoffe goes. If art were only imitation, this canvas would be eminently artistic. De Nittis's "Return from the Courses" shows us gay equipages and drivers going home from the races, under the fleecy clouds of the blue sky of an early afternoon in summer, on a road which winds its way through a shining reach of grassy land, and is lined on one side with tall trees, under which fashionably-dressed men and women are watching a scene treated with almost a fresco-like breadth and purity, and a suggestion of evanescent brightness. ^{*De Nittis,*}

Two life-size figures of Beatrice and Benedick are a passage from Shakespeare, interpreted by the late M. Merle, of Paris. Benedick ^{*Merle,*} asks Beatrice: "What, my dear lady Disdain, are you yet living?" and Beatrice replies: "Is it possible Disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signor Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence." The painter, however, shows us an amiable woman, dressed in a satin gown of greenish yellow, with a pearl depending from a sapphire in her hair, with a golden chain

Alvarez, chain about her shoulders, and wearing a necklace of pearl. Alvarez appears in true Hispano-French style in his "Jealousy"—a superbly-costumed young woman seated on a sofa beside a priest, who is about to sip his chocolate, while the sportive creature, her cup of the same fluid in her lap, listens to the flatteries of a young cavalier at her right, the maid-servant peering at them through an opening in a flowered screen. It is a sparkling story. Meyer von Bremen has seldom been less unobjectionable than in his "First Sorrow," where a young German peasant-girl puts a corner of her apron to her eye at the sight of her dead canary in its cage. You can just see the breast of the departed bird as it lies flat on its back; and the table, chair, basket of clothes, and stone jug, are admirably drawn. Leloir has a piece of summer out-doors in the country—an old *beau* fishing on the bank of a brook, while two young women, one of them reading from a book, recline in shadow on the grass behind him. Egusquiza presents two Spanish blondes looking down into the street from an upper window. A bird-cage hangs near them, on the outside wall of the house, acting naïvely its part as a little item of naturalism genuinely caught. M. Français, the pupil, friend, eulogist, and, in a certain sense, successor of Corot, is so seldom seen in this country that his "Ruins of Pompeii" possesses more than intrinsic interest. The tone is pathetically somber. Some trees at the right of the long rows of roofless ruins sway their branches gently, as Corot's do, though in darker hues, and in the far-distant background a burst of sunshine gleams across the rippling waters of the Bay of Naples. Two men are digging in one of the excavations, while a mournful procession of women carry on their heads baskets full of dirt, or return bearing them empty. This beautiful picture shows that when M. Français, in his ovation at Ville-d'Avray, on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Corot, said that the latter made adorable that which others tread under their feet—"a bit of grass variously illumined, a piece of brush-wood, a dark corner, a glade, an embellishment of sky, a cloud, a smoke, a house that shines down there on the hill, a cow that grazes, a woman that passes

passes along a by-path with a bundle of sticks on her back—thou makest everything lovable, everything precious; thou restorest everything to the ideal without losing the real; all these objects, insignificant in themselves, O power of Art! become eloquent or dramatic at thy will, playing the part that thou assignest them in thy symphony”—he spoke of matters to which his own brush was by no means a stranger. Troyon's landscape with cattle, although recently “restored,” has many of those subtler features which will for ever distinguish him from his pupil Van Marcke. Edouard Frère's large German interior, with peasant family, explains adequately the basis of his reputation. E. Nicol appears in his “Disputed Boundary,” and Piloty in his “Germanicus's Triumphant Entry into Rome.” And as for our American artists, it is a satisfaction to see that the rich collector has not forgotten them; for in honorable places the visitor encounters Daniel Huntington's immense canvas with a score or more of figures, “Lady Washington's Reception,” and examples of Eastman Johnson, F. E. Church, Henry Peters Gray, J. H. Beard, Bierstadt, R. C. Minor, Tait, Arthur Parton, James M. Hart, Kellock, and others. This Stewart collection of one hundred and sixty-four pictures is justly celebrated. To see it is really a notable privilege. Nor does the visitor fail to be impressed by the life-size statues of Italian marble, placed in two parallel lines along the floor of the gallery; especially by Powers's celebrated “Greek Slave,” and his two “Eves,” one representing the “Temptation,” and the other the “Regret”; by Ives's “Flora,” Durham's “Paul and Virginia,” Barbee's “Fisher Girl,” Marshall Wolf's “Proserpine,” and R. H. Park's “Sappho.”

Let us ascend the imperial stairway of Carrara marble, and pass through the spacious apartments of the second story. Here, first of all, is the library on the Fifth Avenue side, directly above the drawing-room, and running the whole width of the house. Eight book-cases of black walnut, inlaid with French walnut panels, and glistening with mirror-doors, sit nonchalantly at suitable intervals along the walls. A life-size oil-portrait of the late owner, in a chair, was painted by Thomas Le Clear, *The library.* *Le Clear's portrait of Mr. Stewart.*

Clear, and very successfully, one must confess, in view of the fact that at the time of his death there existed no likeness of Mr. Stewart, and the artist had never even seen him. This work of art is supported by another, of the same size, by Mrs. Henry A. Loop, representing Mrs. Stewart. Two massive tables, ten feet long by five feet wide, the sides filled with abundant drawers containing costly illustrated books, and the tops laden with similar treasures, adorn the middle of the room, in the presence of hangings of Gobelin tapestry which partly conceal the carvings of the Carrara-marble window-frames and door-casings. The crimson ground of the carpet echoes the tone of the panels of the walls, and above it depend a pair of heavy gilt chandeliers with large and numerous globes. Oil-portraits of the Duke of Marlborough, "Good Queen Bess," the Czar of Russia, and other once mighty personages, hang from the ceiling over the book-cases. It is a regal apartment, this magnificent library. We may walk from it into the billiard-room, where luxury and splendor again preside, and stop for a moment in front of Horace Vernet's celebrated picture, "Cæsar's Triumphal Entry into Rome," or into Mrs. Stewart's sitting-room, even more notable in both respects.

Guest-room.

On the third floor, the principal guest-room, known as "General Grant's room," is directly above the library on the Fifth Avenue front. Two rose-wood bedsteads of full width stand near each other, with heads to the east wall; and of rose-wood are two magnificent wardrobes and wash-stands combined; you open their central mirror-doors, and the lavatory apparatus is disclosed. The hangings and furniture-covers are of blue satin. Other guest-rooms open from either side of the hall, all of them superbly upholstered.

The visitor goes away from this stately residence with his first impression renewed and strengthened; he has been in the marble palace of a merchant-prince.

GENERAL GRANT'S HOUSE.

THE spacious and well-appointed brown-stone house of General GRANT, at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, near the Central Park, is furnished in a style that speaks of comfort rather than of ostentation. There has been no lavish outlay of money to produce mere effects, and the professional decorator who should enter it would find little to awaken his surprise or envy. Nor, on the other hand, would he be inclined to criticise keenly his surroundings, for the evidence of extreme good taste on every hand would confront him with its charm. General Grant seems to have said to himself: "I will found a home in the metropolis, and it shall be such a home as suits me. Many of my friends, to be sure, would put themselves in the midst of a much more costly and luxurious environment. But this is not my taste; and surely it is my taste, rather than the taste of other people, that I should consult in furnishing my own house." Accordingly, the visitor will see at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street no super-elegance, nor incomprehensible theatricalism in the frescoes of the walls, in the hangings of the rooms, in the furniture, or in the pictures, but everywhere the tokens of a refined and unobtrusive appreciation of artistic beauty.

The curtains in the bay-window of the parlor are beautiful specimens of Japanese embroidery of gold on a pale-yellow silk, and the chairs and sofa are covered with similar stuff. The walls are painted simply in neutral tints; and Mrs. Grant purchased in India the fine rug that adorns the floor. A handsomely-embroidered screen, with representations of a cock and a hen, sharply, correctly, and most spiritedly done, was a present from the citizens of Tokio. Two teak-wood cabinet-nets,

The parlor.

Objects from Japan.

*Oriental
cabinet.*

nets, intricately carved in delicate scroll-work, came from Japan also, as did a number of large pieces of porcelain—the general having staid longer in that country than in any other during his recent voyage around the world, and the Japanese, from Mikado to artisan, having shown deep esteem and affection for the great American soldier. A pair of large silver vases; a superb saddle, ornamented with lacquer and gold; and a lacquer cabinet, in which the various designs, colors, and materials, display a marvelous harmony, are gifts from the Mikado himself, and very striking specimens of Japanese art in its characteristic interpretation of the domestic and national life. On a small table stands an extremely beautiful little cabinet of silver filigree-work, representing a temple, presented by the Maharajah of Decca. This delightful *souvenir* is altogether unique, and never fails to attract and detain the eye of the general's guest. Perhaps nothing like it has ever been displayed in a private house in this country. During a visit to another Oriental dignity, the Maharajah of Jehore, the general was surprised by the sight of a large collection of elephants' tusks grouped around a center-table. On bidding him farewell, his host picked up a pair of those curiosities, and begged the general to accept them in token of his perpetual amity. The supplication met with a favorable response, and the two immense tusks are now among the ornaments of General Grant's parlor.

*Read's
"Sheri-
dan."*

This room contains, also, three oil-paintings of peculiar interest. The first is the original "Sheridan Twenty Miles away," by T. Buchanan Read, in which the hero of Winchester appears mounted on his foaming and dust-producing charger, *en route* for the battle-field. Holding his sword high in the air, he spurs his steed to the utmost, forgetful of self and of the past, concerned only with the disaster twenty miles away, which his presence alone can repair. General Grant is said to value this picture very highly, and several times to have refused to give it to his friend Sheridan, who had asked for it. The next

*Page's
portrait
of General
Scott.*

work is Page's full-length, life-size portrait of General Winfield Scott, which hangs on the left as you enter the apartment from the hall, not far from the front bay-window, and was presented by the late Marshall

O. Roberts.

O. Roberts. It is considered an excellent likeness, and the treatment by which the artist has enveloped his subject in a faint mist, somewhat like that of which Mr. George Fuller is so fond, allows the head to make its appeal with undiminished force. The portrait is free, simple, and noble in bearing, without posing or other affectation, admirable in drawing and modeling, and full of a certain distinguished air that seems to designate a characteristic national figure. It is sad to think that illness and the infirmities of age have staid the hand of William Page from again producing such a work. This artist's best paintings are undoubtedly his portraits, and among them the "Winfield Scott" must be assigned a very high place, although (as often in the case of Leonardo da Vinci) his use of novel technical means and materials does not guarantee the absolute indestructibility of some of the choice creations of his genius. The third picture is a large family group, painted by W. Cogswell about fifteen years ago. Mrs. Grant sits in the center; at her left stands the general in full uniform; while four children are easily disposed at her right, one of them mounted on a pony. The expressions of the several faces are amiable and spirited. *Family group.*

The notable feature of General Grant's library, in the rear of the drawing-room, is a large cabinet of antique oak, whose shelves are laden with various choice and more or less costly gifts presented to the general during and since the late war for the Union. No piece of furniture in the United States of America contains a display of curiosities at once so flattering to the owner and so rich in historic interest. Among six or eight gold-headed canes, the most interesting is one given by the ladies of Baltimore, and formerly owned by the Marquis de Lafayette, with whose name, as well as with General Grant's, it is inscribed, bearing also the further inscription: "Presented to General U. S. Grant by the Ladies of Baltimore. *Fortibus honor.*" It is unnecessary to state that the general has always cherished this interesting gift with special affection. By its side lies the handle of another cane, which was broken off some years ago at Washington, during a struggle with a lunatic. The general's use of that instrument as a weapon was exceedingly *Library.*
Oak cabinet.
Lafayette's cane.

exceedingly dexterous, and resulted in the speedy discomfiture of his assailant.

Caskets
containing
the free-
dom of
cities in
Great
Britain.

In this cabinet are to be seen several small, oblong caskets, containing the freedom of the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, formally presented to General Grant during his late visit to those countries. The handsomest, most costly, and most elaborate, is the gold one offered by the corporation of the city of London. At one end is a figure of Liberty, with the United States coat-of-arms; at the other, the figure of Britannia, similarly treated. Very clever *repoussé* work represents St. James's Palace on one side, and the Capitol at Washington on the other, accompanied by the legends "*Domine, dirige nos,*" and "*E pluribus unum.*" This casket will be a valuable heirloom for the Grant children and grandchildren. The freedom of the city of Dublin was presented in a small box of bog-wood, set with emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones, bound with gold, and mounted on wheels. On the inside of the wooden box containing the freedom of Stratford-on-Avon, an inscription informs the spectator that the trophy was "made with mulberry-wood from the tree planted by Shakespeare at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon." A silver casket, with much *repoussé* decoration, is engraved with the announcement, "The City of Edinburgh to General Ulysses Simpson Grant, 1877." A silver *repoussé* casket, gilded, contains the freedom of the city of Glasgow. "We have had our box gilded just for a little change," said the chairman of the committee of arrangements to General Grant. All these caskets are small, the largest of them not exceeding eight inches in length, four inches in width, and six inches in height, and contain parchment scrolls, carefully engrossed, in which the freedom of the several cities is regularly and conventionally bestowed. At Stratford-on-Avon Mrs. Grant received a beautiful album, filled with photographs of interesting scenery. The "Royal Burgh of Ayr," not to be outdone by the cities, contributed a casket also.

Presenta-
tion
swords.

This oaken cabinet contains, besides, the sword presented to General Grant by his staff-officers after the battle of Shiloh; the sword
presented

presented by subscribers assembled at the Sanitary Fair in New York City during the war for the Union; the sword presented by the general's friends in Jo Daviess County, Illinois, with a circle of diamonds around the end of the golden scabbard, the body decorated with Moorish designs alternating with the names of battles in which the general was victorious. It is a beautiful object. The gold medal voted in Congress "by a grateful country," after the opening of the Mississippi through the capture of Port Hudson and Vicksburg, is preserved in a golden casket, whose top is a group of cannon covered by flags, surmounted by the American eagle. A small, plain table of gold is a miniature fac-simile of the table on which General Lee signed the articles of capitulation in the presence of General Grant. ^{Congressional medal.}

The lower shelf presents a varied and inviting array of meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders, in the midst of which repose a gold-enameled cigar-case and tobacco-bowl, presented by the King of Siam. Seven or eight honorary medals, attached to ribbons, and intended to be worn as decorations on the breast, are conspicuous attractions.

A marble bust of General Grant, presented by the workmen of a well-known marble-cutting establishment, stands on a pedestal in the front room; and in the library hangs a medallion representing, cheek to cheek, the heads of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. The dining-room is simply and quite charmingly furnished in white-oak, with the general's monogram stamped on the backs of the chairs. The visitor goes away from the house with the impression that, many and valuable as are the testimonials in it to the general's worth, they are not nearly so many nor so valuable as might justly have been expected, or as certainly would have been found at the residence of a successful foreign soldier—the Duke of Wellington, for instance. And if Grant's house is interesting, nevertheless, chiefly because of the tributes it contains, it is in a profounder sense interesting because of the comparative fewness and unobtrusiveness of them. ^{The dining-room.}

MR. DAVID L. EINSTEIN'S HOUSE.

A LAVISH expenditure of money, under the direction of a cultivated taste, has produced Mr. DAVID L. EINSTEIN'S very interesting house at No. 39 West Fifty-seventh Street. Though finished only a few months ago, the interior is surprisingly free from a disposition to stare. With all its magnificence and splendor, it has the soberness and seriousness of demeanor which belong to age, and in which old families take particular complacency. Its manners are not only well-bred, but gracious, so to speak, with the memories and associations of fruitful years. Moreover, the sense of home has been so carefully and uniformly preserved as to make itself felt at once and always. There is not a chair in the building but invites to be sat upon; not an article of furniture but seeks to be used in accordance with the purpose of its creation. One is not afraid to seat himself upon a sofa, lest the brightness of its unsullied satin should be dimmed thereby. The house and its contents seem to have been made for human creatures' comfort, and toward that comfort the visitor is sure to be irresistibly drawn.

Entering the hall through stained-glass doors, in front of which hangs a lantern that is an exact reproduction of an old Venetian design, we are struck by the solidity and massiveness of the wood-work in oak. The staircase, the ceiling, the mantel, the immense doors, are all of this enduring and discreet material, which, in the present instance, has been so darkened by the application of vapor of ammonia that the flight of at least fifty years might be said to have passed over it. This artificial darkening follows in the lines of a natural process, as anybody may see who cares to take a look at the hand-rails of the stations

*Character
of the
house.*

*Oak wood-
work in
hall.*

*Effect of
the atmos-
phere on
oak.*

stations of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in New York City, where an exposure to the atmosphere for several years, together with constant rubbing by passengers, has caused the original white-oak to become almost black. Such a transformation under such circumstances is as natural for white-oak as the transformation, under similar circumstances, whereby black-walnut, which, when new, has a tendency to slatishness of color, becomes decidedly reddish; so that, by the use of vapor of ammonia, the action of the atmosphere upon white-oak is only accelerated, as it were, and the effect produced artificially is simply an anticipation of a purely natural result, which, in time, would have certainly come of itself.

*Oaken
screen.*

Into this prevailing tone of antique oak enters the subdued red of the immense leather panels of the walls. Genuine leather they are throughout the first story of the hall, each made to order in France, and exactly fitted to the panel for which it was intended. The ceiling is of paneled oak, and above the doors sit grotesque oaken figures. But the special and most noteworthy feature of the hall is the large carved oaken screen to the staircase, formed of three arches, the center one being over the steps, and the two others acting as window-effects. Above the arches is a frieze of stained glass, surmounted by a cornice which runs around the hall.

*The stair-
way.*

Leaving behind us one of the thickest and solidest mantel-pieces in New York City, some teak-wood chairs, an elaborately-carved teak-wood cabinet, a mosaic marble floor of curious small pattern, some armor four hundred years old, and a hanging clock, we pass up-stairs, under the central arch of the screen, and between a pair of striking gas-fixtures, each of which consists of an oaken griffin holding from his mouth a nest of serpents, out of whose four mouths come four burners. Some Indian and Albanian scarfs, tastefully hung under the other arches, give pleasing notes of color; and, after ascending three or four steps, each step covered with a special mat of its own, we turn abruptly toward a bay-window, at the foot of the principal flight of stairs, and encounter the variegated lusters of its mosaics of stained glass,

glass, as these are interpreted by the lighted jets behind them. Facing the bay-window, and standing on the newel, a grotesque and skillfully-carved figure holds a lantern, and presides over the rich carving of the paneling of the staircase. As far as the third floor this carving continues, and here the staircase ends, having no connection either with basement or attic. A back staircase, twining about, an elevator for persons and baggage, serves every need of the dwellers in basement or attic for ordinary or rapid transit.

Before the visitor has seen the fine screen of this principal stairway, he has probably been ushered into the lovely little Chinese reception-room on the right of the hall. If so, he is likely to say that seldom in his life was he in more agreeable surroundings. The very aroma of the Celestials pervades this *bijou* apartment, and exhales from the embroidered silks on the walls; from the embroidered *portières*, made piece by piece out of old silk robes imported for the purpose; from the embroidered curtains of dark-blue plush, parts of which once served in the gowns of Chinese priests; from the embroidered coverings, also of dark-blue plush, of the chairs and sofas. Amid the general tone of blue and red with gold shine the *cloisonné* enamels and rare porcelains of the corner cabinets. The "ship of good luck," a vessel which bears to Japanese children very much the relation borne by St. Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, to American children, is sure to engage the attention of the visitor, unless it be otherwise occupied by an effort to translate the curious inscriptions in Chinese characters on the walls—a task, we believe, not yet successfully accomplished in this country, although the host confidently expects to see it done, notwithstanding the prevailing ignorance of the great majority of our imported Chinamen. Had these curious inscriptions been Japanese, there would have been little difficulty in picking up in a hundred places in New York City competent translators of them. But, unlike his neighbors, John Chinaman in America is seldom acquainted with the letters of his own language, to say nothing of interpreting them to foreigners.

*Chinese
reception-
room.*

*Chinese
inscrip-
tions.*

Reluctant though he may be to leave this charming reception-room,
the

*Variety of
styles.*

the visitor will not wait long for a summons to the parlor—the Louis XVI parlor. Most of the apartments in Mr. Einstein's house, it may be here observed, are decorated in distinct styles: the hall is patterned after the Early English Renaissance; the library speaks of Louis XIII's epoch; the dining-room of Henry IV's; the sitting-room is Anglo-Japanese; the reception-room Chinese; the parlor Louis XVI's, and so on; but so unobtrusive, and in other respects felicitous, are the contrasts, that you step easily and naturally, without shock or importunity, into any one of these apartments from any other of them; and so skillfully has the connection been made that there is no repetition of schemes of color. Each room dwells apart, yet not so far apart as not to be comfortably accessible from its next neighbor. The difficulty of thus dexterously allying such apparently heterogeneous materials will be best appreciated by those who have oftenest tried to overcome it.

*Arched
ceiling in
parlor.*

But let us return to the parlor—to its white-and-gold effects, to the immense oval canvas (say sixteen by ten feet) in its arched ceiling, representing Cupids in a sky with flowers in their hands, and surrounded by a net-work of gold; to its mantel-piece of white lacquer, gold, and Mexican onyx; to the beautiful ormolu fender, and the magnificent ormolu clock and candelabra; to the sconces with their more than ninety candles, which obviate the need of a chandelier, that would break into the superb oval of the ceiling; to the costly lace curtains; to the oaken sliding-doors, covered with white lacquer touched up with gold, the panels adorned with paintings by Frerot, and with bas-reliefs like lace-work; and to the *velours* and *savonnerie* of the chairs and sofas. Elaborated as are most of the results, the spectator does not feel that the simplicity, which genius loves, has yielded the palm to self-consciousness. Elegant they are, of course—they could not deserve the name of Louis XVI were they not—but affected they are not; and this is the point to be noted in speaking of a Louis XVI room—one sees so much of the Louis Seize that is self-conscious, and affected, and insipid.

From a Louis Seize parlor through an Early English Renaissance
hall

hall to a Louis Treize library—abrupt transitions on paper, but graceful enough in reality. No wainscoting has this library save a richly-carved series of walnut book-cases, five feet and a half high. More than fifty lineal feet of them stretch along the wall under a frieze three feet deep, and a ceiling of paneled walnut sixteen feet high, worked in bas-reliefs after Celtic designs, with interlacing bands. Notice the pleasant manner in which the decorator has broken the long line of book-cases by a cabinet on one side of the room and a mantel-piece on the other side; notice, too, the magnificent carved panels of both cabinet and mantel-piece. The tone of the hand-decorated leather and *velours* covers of the furniture is a pure Vandyke red, repeated in the immense rug and in the leather paper on the walls. The clock, so heavy that three men can not lift it, its bell rich and full of tone, was made in Paris, after designs intended to harmonize it with the rest of the room. The brass chandelier, with forty-eight burners, is another special design similarly intended, frank, outspoken, and serious, like the spirit that presided over the ornamentation of the entire apartment; and, accordingly, one is not surprised, when the host goes to the book-shelves and takes down some favorite volumes, to find that among these are a Directory of New York City in the year 1793, a file of the "Boston Gazette" during the whole period of the Revolutionary War, and a Venetian publication dated 1572, and concerned with some reproductions of very unique pictorial designs of the famous cities of the world. This fact is significant, and, like the general style of the decoration of the room, bespeaks the presence of true antiquarian tastes. The library is a place in which a scholar might write history without distraction.

There hangs in this room a portrait of the host's son, a lad of eight or ten years, which bears the autograph of Eastman Johnson, and the date 1882, and which deserves more than a passing notice. Several years ago the present writer had occasion to say of this artist that his "perception of character is quick and accurate; he does his own thinking; he prefers truth to melodramatic effect, but seldom puts in jeopardy the popularity of a design; he is patient, industrious, and studious,

The library.

Portrait by Eastman Johnson.

ous, never deficient in feeling or in command over his resources, not always perfect in depth and luminousness of color or tone, but never metallic or coarse. He has a swift, sure sense of effect in composition, and his painting in general is solid and sound." Nothing of this need be retracted on the present occasion, but, in addition, it may be said that, since the advent of the younger school of the "Society of American Artists," Mr. Johnson has displayed new possibilities in dealing with the potencies of color, and nowhere, perhaps, better displayed them than in this charming portrait of Mr. Einstein's son. The key-note of the chromatic scheme is the boy's red jacket, which lends, but does not sell, itself easily to the prevailing tone of the room; the modeling is excellent, and the sense of life perfect. You do not feel the paint in this genuine and admirable portrait.

Henri
Quatre
decoration.

If you stand by the *portièrre*, in the rear door of the library, and look into the dining-room, you will see a vivid and fine reproduction of a Henri Quatre decoration in its later period. The wood-work is mahogany, which appears also in the paneled ceiling, each end of which, lower than the center, contains beams that brace themselves against the wall on one end and the main level on the other. The mantel-piece runs up to the ceiling, and supports it; the painted tiles around its facing, representing dogs and various hunting-scenes, show Frerot's clever brush again; the andirons are enriched with *fleurs-de-lis*; the clock and side-pieces are copies of those in the Louvre, that once belonged to King Henry IV; the *tout ensemble*, in fine, is pure Henri Quatre. There is some excellent wood-carving on the bottom of a screen whose panels are of Spanish leather, painted with much feeling for color, and also on the doors and elsewhere. The chandelier, made after a special design, but reproducing no design, being the fruit of its own inspiration, contains scores of globes studded with pieces of stained glass, that simulate jewels, and at night is of remarkable and diversified luminousness. It is to be observed that, throughout the house, the stained glass, of which there is an abundance, produces its effects not by having been painted over the stain, but by the juxtaposition of the stained

stained pieces themselves. Whatever may be said of the comparative excellence of American and English stained glass, it can not be denied ^{American stained glass.} that, in the capacity for tastefully and effectively arranging the separate pieces so that the whole effect shall be fine, the American artist is the equal of his fellow anywhere. At Mr. Einstein's the results are obtained solely by this method; the workmanship and material are exclusively American; and the diversified splendor of the glowing jewels in the globes of the dining-room chandelier is an interesting exponent of what is doing in this country in the direction we are considering. Most of the rear wall of the room has been removed to make a place for a stained-glass window, behind which it is intended to put an electric light. The illumination thus got will set off to advantage many of the less conspicuous, but not less interesting, features of this sumptuous apartment.

Among these features are chiefly to be noted a French china-service of the First Empire, and a collection of drinking-glasses from various parts of Europe, many of them exact reproductions of rare specimens preserved in public museums—old flagons, and brass, pewter, and glass cups. Especially attractive is a large cup, almost covered with light brass rings, which depend from its glassy surface. The host having ^{Treasures from Europe.} invaded the Old World with the wherewithal to gratify his antiquarian and artistic tastes, has returned laden with a multitude of treasures such as prettily adorn homes. From the old Delft plaques to the old German chandelier in the bay-window, made chiefly of antlers suspended by a brass chain, and presenting the cleverly-carved and painted wooden bust of a princess, there is scarcely an ornament that would not bear extended description. The host's fancy for what is solid and sterling of days gone by has gratified itself without hindrance in the furnishing of this room; and there is not a plate, cup, vase, or bit of *bric-à-brac* of any description which, if not original, is not a faithful copy of an original harbored in some museum of Europe. To buy outright all the valuables that one sees in foreign museums would be impossible; to duplicate many of them would be alike impossible;

possible; but to possess one's self of copies which faithfully preserve their form and spirit is the very next thing to owning the originals themselves. Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, is said to have paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year for the original of an old silver goblet, of which Mr. Einstein owns an excellent copy; but it would be rash to assert that Mr. Einstein and his guests derive less pleasure from the beautiful workmanship of that notable piece than do Baron Rothschild and his guests from the original.

*Copies of
classic ob-
jects of
art.*

Much, indeed, is to be said in favor of the present fashion of housing exact reproductions of rare and curious objects of art. The influence of the widely-circulated plaster copies of the Elgin marbles illustrates what can be done in this direction. Photographs of oil-paintings of the old masters have rendered a similar service; and, when an American gentleman introduces into his home the forms and colors that constitute the charm of art-treasures in the museums of the Old World, he walks on sure ground, and allies himself with the elevating and refining instrumentalities of the age. The classic has become classic because it has been found to be endowed with qualities that wear well. For this reason the classic will probably last. But it is not likely that a multitude of the vagaries of modern decorative art are other than short-lived.

*Anglo-
Japanese
sitting-
room.*

We pass now to the second floor, and into the front sitting-room. Its style is Anglo-Japanese. The ceiling is of canvas, hand-painted in greenish blues alternating with tans and reds. The inside panels of the doors recount the story of Orpheus in delicate line-work of gold upon a ground of neutral blue. We see an immense ebony mantel, with cabinets containing *bric-à-brac* of varied and fine interest—an ivory snuff-box of Louis XIV's, a miniature Italian guitar enriched with marquetry, old Nuremburg samplers embroidered with exquisite grace, an old Geneva watch, a French harp-clock—an ebony writing-case, fitted up to be a thing of use as well as of beauty, a corner cabinet laden with specimens of Dresden, Royal Worcester, and enamels, one of the Dres-
den

den pieces being curious for its successfully illusive treatment of a woman's gauze veil. Again the visitor is struck with the generous argosies of foreign travel: the host has ransacked the ends of the earth for *objets d'art*. Beside the ebony sofa stands an immense Persian vase, about five feet high, and the general impression of the room is of luxury and domesticity combined.

Throwing apart the sliding-doors, the visitor enters through an ante-chamber, whose furniture consists exclusively of mahogany wardrobes, into the pink-and-cream bedroom. The wood-work and furniture are mahogany. The magnificent bureau rises into an arch supported by columns, each drawer presenting a solid bas-relief of carving. The mantel is a frame for a large beveled mirror, surrounded by rows of small beveled mirrors. The pink and cream of the *portières* are echoed in the coverings of the chairs and lounge, in the costly rug, and in the wall and ceiling decorations. The panels of the door leading into the wash-room are imitations of some panels in a palace of Salzburg, seen and admired by the host when on a visit to that picturesque old city of the Noric Alps, and decorated with squares of creamy plush beneath a scroll-work of mahogany. It is such delicate little side-dishes as these that stimulate one's appetite.

The flat roof of the dining-room has been converted into an open-air garden, surrounded by a high iron railing, up and along which pleasant vines and flowers find their way. An excellent play-room for children is this, and a grateful *plaisance* of a summer night, with only the stars for interruptions. One might take a sun-bath here in Roman fashion.

MR. GEORGE F. BAKER'S HOUSE.

A FREE recast of some of the outlines of the interior of Mr. GEORGE F. BAKER'S fine house, at No. 258 Madison Avenue, has recently been made with excellent effect, and the principal rooms have been decorated anew and refurnished throughout, presenting some very chaste and beautiful artistic results, most admired by those best capable of appreciating them. The hall, generously wainscoted in American oak, with a frieze of jute brocade, is divided near the center by a screen, beyond which the massive staircase begins its ascent from a recess opening into the music-room, and separated from it by another lightly-constructed and tasteful screen, so that when the music-room is used by singer or player the sounds of the voice or the piano are carried upward and away through the arched openings. *The hall.*

Entering the drawing-room through the rich and handsome *portières* of the main hall, the spectator is struck by the facile and mild harmony of the *tout ensemble*, which has been obtained by the free play of the strictest principles of good taste, and without the least attempt at a laborious dimming of tints. The olive-green plush of the furniture upholstery is echoed in the covering of the mantel-shelf, and cordially greeted by the golden-olive or bronzed-green tone of the stamped, silk-plush hangings of the walls, to which the intricate, but never teasing, ornamentation of golden net-work of the ceiling comes down without an intervening frieze. This net-work presents an effective example of the painter's brush, and is emphasized by the use of *papier-maché* knots or knobs wherever the principal cords cross each other. So cleverly and lightly were the interlacing cords depicted by the *Golden net-work of ceiling.*

the artist that the illusion is perfect, and the buff ground, on which the net-work is applied, seems suffused with a gentle radiance. The wainscot, mantel, and book-cases, as well as the boxes of plants that line the front bay-window, are of oak stained to the tint of a bright mahogany, and the mantel, with its choice pieces of *cloisonné* enamel, and other porcelains, is so felicitous in pattern and general effect that a well-known member of the National Academy of Design once expressed a desire to use it in a background for one of his portraits. An oblong piece of Japanese embroidery hangs across the upper part of the opening that faces the bay-window; and among the oil-paintings on the walls are a characteristic and extremely decorative equestrian piece by Schreyer; a landscape by Goubie, with horseman and horsewoman side by side, entitled "The Confidence"; an interior with figures by George H. Boughton, much in the style of his old master Edouard Frère, only free from the latter's weakness of touch; a fancy half-length by Merle, representing a handsome woman, of blonde complexion and auburn hair, whose dreamy eyes suggest that she is as yet undecided whether to answer "Yes" or "No" to the very important letter held in her hand; another fancy head and bust, by Cabanel, of exquisite drawing and flesh-tints; and three family portraits by Eastman Johnson, two of them delightful little pictures of children, which the Union League Club recently welcomed to its hospitable and elegant gallery, and which are treated so pictorially as to rank among the most successful and winning *genres* of that celebrated artist. Two charming crayon heads by Rowse adorn the music-room, and it is to be said of these and the other pictures in Mr. Baker's collection that not one of them fails to excite admiration for its technical merits or its graceful sentiment. Each is a true work of art, and holds its place by virtue of that fact.

Mantel-piece.

Paintings by Schreyer, Goubie,

Boughton,

Merle,

Cabanel,

Eastman Johnson.

Music-room.

Between the drawing-room and the dining-room is the music-room. The ceiling and walls are of flock-paper, with delicate bronzed foliated reliefs on a rose-colored ground, with only a light molding for a frieze, and all the wood-work consists of American oak. On one of the

the

the bands of the wainscot are carved thistles, whose stems project beneath the band; and above the mantel-shelf, with its ruby plush, is a deep closet for books, flanked on each side by a small cabinet, the whole of a unique and impressive design. The parquetry of the bare floor contrasts strongly with the rich leopard hangings of the doorways. In the openings of the screen between the music-room and hall are hangings of silk plush of a "crushed strawberry" color, with bands of garnet.

The dining-room presents a complex harmony, and invites study. *The dining-room.* No guest can sit at its generous board unmoved by the pleasantness of the deep and significant message of the artistic surroundings. A wainscot of antique oak, about ten feet high, extends around the room, terminating at the top in a series of pretty cabinets of the same material, behind whose glass doors appear porcelains and earthenware of excellent pedigree and color. The effect of this lineal series of antique oak cabinets is singularly happy, supplementing as it does with utmost prodigality that of the large and amply-furnished sideboards at each end of the room. The ceiling, of paneled antique oak, is connected *Oak ceiling.* with the walls by a deep and beautiful frieze of painted canvas, and it is difficult to say which elicits the more admiration, the unconventional interpretative design of leaf and fruit ornamentation, or the bold and decisive touches that have wrought the subdued beauty of tones. To speak of this charming frieze in the language of strict soberness would *Artistic frieze.* be easier were one in the habit of seeing such things oftener, or had not the artist's work here, as on the ceiling of the drawing-room, borne itself so capably and feelingly withal that what was originally to enter into, and become only a part of, a general scheme of decoration, invites comment and attention by reason of its special merits. The concord of the various decorations in these rooms does, indeed, constitute an exquisite harmony, but the dexterity of the painter's brush shines with peculiar effulgence. This dining-room, to quote the language of another, is "like a calm, pleasant, expectant smile on a kindly face—not a sour stare, nor an obstreperous laugh. If the gaudy red-and-gold monstrosities

*Harmony
of tones.*

monstrosities of twenty years ago (Louis XV fashions vulgarized) may be likened to the obstreperous loud laugh, some of the would-be-æsthetic modern rooms, all splinters and ashen tints (George III modes vulgarized), may be likened to the sour stare. Grim and acidulated in coloring, cold and formal in aspect, dotted with heavy high chairs falsely fathered upon Chippendale, and falsely modeled on Greek forms, and rickety little tables and sofas, glossy and spotty with inlaying almost like a snake's skin, and made with sharp legs which seem to prick and sting the carpet—we find no large conceptions of beauty or pleasantness either"; and, although greens and blues are not the only tones that speak eloquently in porcelains, they serve congenial purposes of accentuation, from their heights above the sideboards and mural cabinets, especially when trying to reflect themselves in the magnificent Indian rug on the floor, or to compete with the abundance of varied ferns and bright foliage of tropical plants in the luxuriously-furnished bay-window, or to contrast their sheen with the modest brown tones of the tapestry hangings and table-cover, designed in fruits and flowers, and decorated with bands of garnet. An interesting array of pictures, all water-colors, with high lights and deep blues, intense whites and pearly grays, contribute sparkling effects.

JUDGE HENRY HILTON'S HOUSE.

THE very clever Italian artist Bragaldi has executed all the ceiling and wall decorations in Judge HILTON's brown-stone house, in West Thirty-fourth Street, painting them in encaustic so durable of texture that six years have witnessed no diminution in their luster. Most of the ceilings are paneled off in stucco of various hues, and most of the walls in neutral tints bounded by painted borders, but for the most part hidden by choice oil-paintings on canvas, the judge's collection being not only large, but extremely brilliant.

Here, for instance, in the reception-room on the first floor, is perhaps the best extant specimen of Luis Alvarez's work, and we are able to quote this artist's own description of it: "The title of the painting," he says, "is 'The Election of a New Cardinal, about the End of the Reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, in 1792,' that is, prior to the great Revolution, when the popular element gained the ascendant. For this reason I have selected a cardinal who was chosen from among the people, to counteract the ascendancy of the aristocratic faction, represented on the left by those attired in a court style, and on the right by a democratic family. The cardinal is shown in the act of receiving a visit from a nobleman, his wife, and his son, who presents him a paper on which is written a piece of poetry suitable to the occasion. Near the door their attending servant is looking attentively at a great vase situated behind the screen, and near the cardinal is seated a very fat monsignor, who would like to get up from his chair to pay homage to the noble visitors, but is unable to do so. A major-domo of his Eminence is close at hand, and on the other side of

*Painting
by Alva-
rez.*

of the screen appears a table on which are placed the various gifts brought to the cardinal on the day of his elevation. You will notice two monks and a secular priest, looking with a certain air of discontent at the costly objects. At the entrance-door a servant of the new cardinal is dismissing two poor friars who are not dressed in harmony with the fashionable persons and beautiful ladies present. The Pope, whose portrait hangs on the wall, is Pius VI, and the interior actually represents an apartment in the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples."

*Paintings
by Boughton,*

George H. Boughton's "Huguenots," two figures behind an immense boulder on the sea-shore, is well known through the engraving. Firmin-Girard exhibits two aristocratic lovers at the foot of a cascade in the woods, and Jiminez his celebrated interior where a competition in

Weeks,

music is taking place. One of E. L. Weeks's Oriental façades, with Arabs and camels in the sunshine, is treated after Passini's happiest manner. "A Party of Ladies," some of whom are about to step into a

Beyle,

row-boat where the others are already safely located, is by P. Beyle. The Oriental mosque, opposite Constantinople, with its grave-yard where

Gérôme,

the emperors are buried, represents J. L. Gérôme admirably. Gabriel

Ferrier,

Ferrier's "The Pansy" is a sweet-faced gentlewoman who holds that flower in an open book in her lap, allowing it to play the part of a color-focus to her dark chestnut hair, blue dress, and pearl necklace.

Jacquet,

Jacquet's half-length of a modest damsel with rich brown eyes, regular features, oval face, and transparent skin, is honored by a place on an easel. It is an excellent example of the artist, as one would expect to see in a collection whose distinguishing feature is precisely this, that it is almost exclusively composed of works that best represent the artists whose names they bear. Another characteristic may be mentioned, namely, that the owner appears not only as a clever connoisseur, but as a collector whose imagination has not been inflamed by the sight of mere celebrated names, but whose judgment has prompted every purchase, with the result that he possesses scores of pictures which at the time they were bought cost not a fourth of what they could be sold

Jacque.

for now. Of unusual importance are Jacque's landscape with sheep, and

and James Tissot's "Summer Hours," a blonde figure of a distinct Saxon type, seated on a divan by an open window. The cabinets and tables are of ebony and gilt, and upon one of them stands a glass cabinet filled with rare and curious pieces of *bric-à-brac*, chief among which is a beautifully ornamented gold snuff-box presented by the late Emperor Maximilian. A silver Scandinavian love-cup, bearing the date 1763, possesses unusual interest.

The library in the rear has furniture of ebony and gilt, with odd chairs upholstered in variously-colored plushes; and its three modern Italian marble statuettes are in the best style of such work. A half-length of a handsome, smiling, aristocratic young woman is by R. Madrazo, and two happy figures on a terrace by Paul Viry in his most popular manner. More notable still are the grouping and facial expressions in Jean Beraud's "Condoléances," where some mourners are passing down the aisle of a crowded church, receiving expressions of sympathy from many of the spectators, while through the open door in the street appears the coffin which has just been borne down the steps. The difficulty of happily treating a subject consisting principally of many men in full dress and many women in black clothes has been handsomely overcome by the artist, who tells his sad tale with a dash of real French piquancy. Vibert appears in a masterly story of a cardinal who, while composing a sermon at a standing-desk, has impatiently crushed in his hand, and thrown upon the floor one by one, several valuable sheets of unsatisfactory manuscript. Casanova merrily tells of an old monk on a sofa in a splendid drawing-room, listening to a pair of beauties, one of whom holds his saucer, while he can hardly touch the cup of chocolate to his lips for laughter at what they are saying. Faléro's "Egyptian Dancing-Girl" is a beautiful and luminous piece of modeling and flesh-tinting. The Jules Dupré, with its belt of sunshine beyond the foreground sheep, and its intense sense of spaciousness, is one of the great landscapes of that great master—the last of his Fontainebleau school, which has no successors. Toulmouche's full-length of a lady in a light-blue satin dress, looking at herself in a hand-glass,

hand-glass, and leaning slightly backward, as if proudly satisfied with the result, has traces of a pictorial dignity which most of his works lack.

Dining-
room.

Farther still in the rear is the splendid dining-room, which Bragaldi has profusely decorated with garlands, pilasters, and medallions, on grounds of neutral tints. The wainscot is of ebony delicately inlaid with light wood, and so are the mantel, the immense sideboard, the extensive table, the chairs, the casings of the doors, and even the beautiful chandelier (made after Judge Hilton's own design, as were also the handsome lantern in the hall, the sconces, and several other notable features of the general scheme of decoration). Six marble statues or busts, one of them an amazingly striking likeness of the late Secretary Seward, appear at various intervals on pedestals beside the wall. The chairs are upholstered in flowered silk tapestry with a light-blue ground. On the mantel are candelabra of African onyx and gilt, and a magnificent clock of African onyx made by Barbedienne, and surmounted by a half-recumbent gilt figure. A screen of ebony in three panels shows three figures, partly of *appliqué* work in painted kid, and partly of cunning embroidery, on a silk ground. Ten oil-paintings of moderate size hang on the eastern wall, and one of them—a woman sitting by the sea-shore—is as sparkling a Hagborg as was ever imported into this country.

Drawing-
room man-
tels.

In furnishing his sumptuous and spacious drawing-room, Judge Hilton has spared neither expense nor minutest attention to details, as these were subservient to the artistic effect of the *ensemble*. His own designing appears again in the two superb mantels of silver-wood, ebony, ormolu, and gilt, which face each other in the centers of the east and west walls; and the visitor notices that, instead of the conventional pillars, vases are used to support the shelves, and that on either side of the vases are the registers of the furnace. Eight gilded *torchères* of imposing size vie with a huge chandelier in lighting the room, reflecting themselves in immense mirrors that stand on the mantels, or on either side of the front bay-window, or between the principal

cipal doors. All the wood-work is of silver-wood, and very striking and beautiful is the blue or garnet-shaded plush in which the sofas and chairs are upholstered, shifting its luminous tones by night as well as by day. The rich hangings of hand-stamped plush correspond with the coverings of the furniture; and as for the ornaments in silver, or bronze, perhaps the most distinguished is a silver vase weighing forty-eight pounds, and enriched with a circumambient procession of Indians on horseback hunting the bison, each figure modeled in silver. Some of the judge's visitors will not fail to observe that the principal group closely resembles the well-known "Hilton Trophy," for the possession of which the marksmen annually compete in the international rifle-contest at Creedmoor. Near by are two large and highly-decorated bronze busts by Guillemin—the "Woman of Smyrna" and the "Zeibecke"—from the Paris Exposition. The center-table, covered with a mighty slab of Mexican onyx, is laden with curiosities of special interest, chief among them being a pair of silver "loving-cups," one from London, the other from Sweden. Two cabinets, made, like the center-table, of silver-wood with ebony and gilt decorations, are conspicuous attractions.

*Silver vase.**Bronze busts.*

Of the oil-paintings on the walls, "The Defense of Champigny," by Detaille, is easily the most important. It is an episode of the late Franco-German War, at the moment (writes that artist in a letter to Judge Hilton) "when the division of General Faron, after taking the village of Champigny (situated above the Marne), fortified itself there, and defended, foot by foot, the houses and inclosures against the return attack of the Saxony and Würtemberg divisions, in the battle of December 2, 1870. The château which I have shown is one of those found at the fork of the two roads of Chennevières—a place well known to Parisians who took part in the scenes of the siege of Paris. The officer in the center of the picture is General Faron, who was appointed general of division on the field of battle. The foot-soldiers belong to the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of the Line, who lost a great many men in the three days of the fight. The sappers,

Painting by Detaille.

sappers, who are making the embrasures in the wall to allow the sharp-shooters to fire under protection, and are barricading the openings with all kinds of material, and the artillerists who are putting the battery-guns in position, are likewise under the orders of General Faron, at that time the commander of the right wing of the French army. I have endeavored to portray, in the most exact manner possible, the various scenes of which I was a witness, having myself been a soldier in the *Garde Mobile* during the siege of Paris; and in painting this work I have had the advantage of being able to reproduce some souvenirs absolutely personal. I attach, therefore, much importance to this painting, and am especially desirous for permission to exhibit it in Germany, where I have been very particularly solicited to show my military works. It will be the first time (1879) since the war of 1870 that French art is exhibited in Germany, and the presence of military paintings recalling souvenirs of the late contest will add a peculiar piquancy. I do not doubt that you will consent to this, and I ask it very earnestly, seeing that there will be only a delay of two months in forwarding it to America, after which it will take its place in your collection, for which I am extremely happy."

*Paintings
by Brozik,*

Opposite this noble example of Detaille is an interior with ten figures, by Vacslav Brozik, the pupil and friend of Munkacsy, whose style his so closely resembles. A handsome and handsomely-dressed young woman stands to receive a visitor of the sterner sex, who bows low as he approaches her, not unmindful of the contiguity of her father and brother, and three more or less indifferent ladies. The gamut of illuminated bitumen, which Munkacsy's brush so often traverses, appears also in this skillfully-managed composition. A frankly and simply conceived nude child four years old, sitting on the end of a curtain on the floor, is a Bouguereau much better in quality than scores of more pretentious works from the same hand; so that here again the visitor notices that, when Judge Hilton owns an example of a celebrated artist, it is characteristic of that artist's best traits. Gros's

Bouguereau,

Gros.

large war-scene—prisoners brought before a sort of barbaric court-martial

tial—won for its author the Prix de Rome; and Du Paty's landscape with figures in Munich style was recently a sensation at the *Salon*.

The frescoed walls of the music-room are covered with some exquisite oil-paintings by Capobianchi, Meissonier *fil.*, and others, the Capobianchi having been executed for one of the Paris Rothschilds, and showing the form and features of a late well-known New York society belle; while the figures of the monks that enrich the landscape of the younger Meissonier were evidently introduced by his proud and more celebrated parent. The costly furniture discloses some fine examples of marquetry, and there are several magnificent Sèvres and onyx vases near the onyx clock.

In an extension to the main building, and directly over the dining-room, are Judge Hilton's private sitting-room and bedroom, the former as comfortably elegant an apartment as can be seen in a Sabbath-day's journey. Its center-table of Dutch marquetry, its sideboard (with silver vases and other ornaments) of old English marquetry, its curtains of crimson brocatelle, its door-casings and window-frames of French walnut, its large ebony cabinet containing carefully-arranged boxes of manuscript, and its small glass cabinet on a Louis XVI stand of inlaid satin-wood, with multifold curiosities—a French *repoussé* silver sugar-bowl, such as one might select for the delectation of a connoisseur who was his dearest friend; an antique silver ink-stand extraordinarily heavy for its size, and most delightfully sculpturesque in the figures that adorn it; a meerschaum pipe, with carved figure (an excellent likeness) of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia; and many other things of beauty—act skillfully their several parts in the play of decoration, accompanied by that lovely piece of color, Marchetti's "Circassian Girl" lying on a divan in a harem, who embodies in her expression and attitude a synopsis of the natural history of that effete institution. A Rico, that is a revelation or a reminiscence, according as the visitor has or has not seen Venice; a Knyff, whose moisture-laden atmosphere of Holland contrasts with the clear skies of the Bride of the Adriatic; a Protais, soldiers marching at misty dawn; and an Alfred Kappes, an old

old woman paring potatoes, and sustaining the artistic reputation of her country in the midst of the fierce competition of her surroundings—are paintings in this private sitting-room that one is loath to leave.

Bedroom.

The judge's bedroom, immediately in the rear, is furnished in black-walnut, with brocatelle hangings a shade darker than the bronze-green of the carpet, the bed covered with a spread whose diamonds of blue satin alternate with diamonds of point-lace, and the dressing-room and bath-room, on either side of the alcove occupied by the bedstead, fitted up in black-walnut with all the latest conveniences. The center-table, handsomely carved, is confronted by an ebony screen with panels of hand-painted glass tiles. A large clock of bronze and gilt, flanked by two candelabra of the same materials, fill the mantel-shelf; and a very heavy though not very large jewel-case of hardened steel, intricately wrought, rests on a stand near an easy-chair upholstered in crimson plush. The two principal pictures on the walls possess unusual merit: one of them, a water-color representation of the interior of Meissonier's simply-furnished studio, by a pupil of that artist, fascinates by its neat, clear, and unembarrassed execution, by its high finish and great brilliancy of color, and is a fine and solid study of varied hues and contrasted textures; the other, by Galofre, deserves the companionship of the Marchetti in the sitting-room, showing the full-length, scantily-draped, recumbent figure of an *odalisque*, who toys with several birds of gay plumage, one of which has nonchalantly alighted on her uplifted right hand, the most vivid and arresting point of the delineation being her entire unconsciousness of her charms.

Meissonier's studio.

It would take the visitor a long time to exhaust the resources of artistic pleasure in Judge Hilton's elegant mansion.

MR. FREDERICK F. THOMPSON'S HOUSE.

THE broad and commanding façade of Mr. FREDERICK F. THOMPSON'S house, at No. 283 Madison Avenue—his building-lot is forty-two feet wide—does not deceive the spectator who supposes that behind it are concealed features of special interest. An air of spaciousness pervades the noble apartments of the principal floor, and the lighting is so generous and facile as to communicate good cheer on every hand. In all the most characteristic details of construction and equipment, the architect has followed the ideas conceived and promulgated by the hostess and the host, who have made the place the embodied reflection of their joint ideal of what a city home should be. A hundred little details of foresight in the interest of convenience and hygiene might be mentioned, which to many householders in this city would be veritable novelties, and the sum of which tells strongly in the estimation of the general result. Take so simple a thing as the secret staircase leading by a concealed door from the inner vestibule, at the left, to the second floor, and enabling the visitor to remove his "wraps," and enjoy the facilities of the toilet, before making his appearance in the main hall by way of the principal staircase. Of course, a dressing-room on the first floor, communicating directly with the vestibule, would have answered the same purpose; but then the dimensions of the drawing-room would necessarily have been curtailed to make room for it, or else the arrangement of the entire first floor so changed as to produce an altogether different effect. The many telegraph-boys who have occasion to call at Mr. Thompson's house find their comfort considered in the presence of a low coil of steam-pipe, on which, when occupying the

the leather-upholstered settee, they can toast their well-developed feet until the answer is ready. The gas in the lantern of the outer vestibule can not be turned off by a mischievous urchin on a tour of experiment, because the means for extinguishing it are inside the inner doors, not far from a small tiled recess furnished with an umbrella-rack.

The hall.

Beyond this inner vestibule, and hidden by a heavy *portière* of Eastern stuffs, lies the immense hall, eighteen by thirty-eight feet, the ceiling and walls paneled in oak, and the handsome mantel of carved Caen stone colored to resemble terra-cotta, and placed at the extreme northern end under an arched recess. An oaken covered chest for hickory-wood stands near, and a coat-closet, at the left, opens by a concealed door into the space beneath the secret staircase, bidding defiance to the machinations of the sneak-thief. The tall Dutch clock of carved oak strikes every hour twice—the second time three minutes after the hour—so that the conscience of the promptest guest may have elbow-room in meeting the hours appointed for meals; if only three minutes late, he is not late at all; and on the metallic face of the instrument, beneath the revolving hands, is engraved the legend, “He that hath most time hath none to lose.”

Stained-glass window, illustrating “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

There are other legends in the house. You turn to the right, at the farther extremity of the hall, and, while ascending the stairs, are confronted by a stained-glass window, the first of a series of eight or ten, illustrating the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” that light the ascent to the fourth floor by means of a wide well behind them—on which appears an introductory poem taken from the title-page of a very ancient edition of that Christian classic:

“This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.”

And,

And, as the visitor proceeds on the upward way, he is constantly confronted by pictorial representations in stained glass of the pious Pilgrim who, like himself, finally reaches the delectable heights.

Japanese in feeling, though not a slavish imitation, is the drawing-room on the first floor, with its wide bay-window, in which rare exotic plants, and especially lilies, are always blooming—a feature that passers-by never fail to notice. The wood-work throughout—mantel, furniture, flower-boxes, and window-trimmings—is of red cherry, which gives the key-note to the prevailing tone. Even the grand piano was made to order of red cherry, richly carved. The dull Indian red of the painted walls, enriched with ornamental disks, lightens somewhat as it approaches the frieze, whence the ceiling springs gracefully in real bronze reliefs of alternating sunflowers and tiger-lilies. On the wainscot of green, grained with old gold, appear at intervals perpendicular pieces of bamboo, which enter into the decoration also of the richly-carved mantel, on one end of whose shelf is perched a gorgeous peacock, magnifying in death the taxidermist's art, and radiating the luster of his handsome tail in front of the splendor of a sunset Venetian marine by Sanford R. Gifford. On the opposite wall is Leutze's *Paintings*. "Return of the Crusaders," unfortunate fellows who find their wives immured in a convent, and are met by an iron railing and a deprecating Lady Superior when trying to grasp them in their arms. A thoroughly representative landscape by A. H. Wyant—that is to say, one in which subtle beauty of conception vies with subtle felicity of execution—is surrounded by examples of J. B. Bristol, William Hart, Kensett, and other Americans, Mr. Thompson being a discriminating patron of native art. The ceiling has been painted an illuminated buff.

The Moorish feeling of the library—a room thirty feet square—like the Japanese feeling of the drawing-room, results from a suggestion rather than from an imitation, although the stucco arabesques of the paneled ceiling, the cup-lights of the chandeliers, and the open screen-work of ebonized pear-wood of the shutters to the bay-window of stained

stained glass, beyond the arch of the deep alcove, are very direct expressions. To a height of seven feet and a half the walls are wainscoted with maple shelves filled with three thousand books, each shelf being above a slide that can be pulled out and used as a rest for the volume that one is consulting. The Caen-stone facing of the fire-opening of the mantel is inscribed with the legend, "Knowledge in youth is wisdom in old age."

Wall-spaces.

The wall-spaces, painted in neutral tints, are mostly covered with oil portraits and figure-pieces, one of them a bust of the sculptor Thorwaldsen. Above and below the book-shelves, in the maple paneling, concealed cupboards, which only the hostess knows, wait unconscious to reveal their miscellaneous choice contents. Every spare space has been utilized in some way or other; even the under parts of the long divans have sliding cases for the larger books on art. In the center of the ceiling—and, indeed, of every ceiling of the house—is a ventilator, which communicates with a flue in the chimney so faithfully that a leakage in one of the gas-pipes of the chandelier remained undiscovered for several months. Costly Eastern rugs lie easily on the floor, and chief among the articles of furniture is a lady's writing-desk of maple, whose panels and decorations were made out of a log of olive-wood sent from the Mount of Olives to Mrs. Thompson by Dr. Post, of Beyrout. A small door-way through the book-shelves leads to Mr. Thompson's private study, fitted with desk, table, and lounge, and opening into a small dressing-room whose wood-work is butternut.

Dining-room.

Almost as large as the library is the dining-room, finished and furnished in mahogany. Its wainscot, ten feet high, and intricately paneled, is surmounted by a frieze of fruits and flowers carved skillfully in high-relief. Its mantel, principally of *terra-cotta*, with mahogany enrichments, bears near the top the legend, "Be as merry as good company, good welcome, and good cheer can make good people." Above the wall-spaces of flock-paper the ceiling springs in a pleasing arch of mahogany beams to a central square of stained glass; and over the elaborate sideboard which is built out from the wainscot of a narrow

narrow recess diffuses the deep splendor of a magnificent stained-glass sunset-landscape with birds, trees, and flowers, the perspective and the color being extraordinarily successful. Small cabinets, say four feet square, delicately constructed and enriched, project at intervals from the upper part of the wainscot, and disclose their treasures of rare porcelain and *faience*; and a large conservatory framed in brass, adorned with a fountain, and alive with palms and most luxuriant ferns, plays the part of an extension to this delightful resort for feasts and flow of soul.

Let us go up-stairs. To the fourth floor the hall is of paneled oak; but the two curiosities of these upper regions are the Colonial Colonial Room. Room and the Governor's Room, in the second story front, the former a reproduction of Revolutionary times, containing not a piece of furniture less than a hundred years old. Even the facing of the fireplace is of old blue Dutch tiles brought over by the colonists; and the corner cupboard extending to the ceiling, with the small glass panes of its doors and the old blue china behind them—how interesting a souvenir of the good old days it is! Near it hangs a sampler, a real old New England sampler, fourteen inches by fourteen, simply embroidered on canvas beautifully toned by time, and exquisitely decorative, with a border of indisputably conventionalized flowers and plants, and a center containing the alphabet and the numerals, followed by the verse: "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Ah! Margaret Waterman, *pauvre petite*, who madest this sampler in the year 1769 (as an inscription in the corner tells us), did thy neighbors and kinswomen, then, call thee plain? On a green ground a young woman, also highly conventionalized, is seen holding a parrot at which a dog tries to gaze; and below we are informed that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." The curtains of the book-case consist of an old silk shawl with fringe, of a dull purple tint; and beside the fender are the antique hob (once used to keep the toddy warm), the faithful bellows, and the tongs. Several panels in the wainscot wait to serve as doors to secret closets for those who
know

know where to look for them; and carved in the wood-work of the chimney-piece is the legend, "The name of this chamber is peace."

The Governor's Room.

The Governor's Room (so named because occupied by Mrs. Thompson's father, an ex-governor of the State, during his visits to New York City) has two unique features: first, the bedstead of Honduras mahogany, with high, carved posts, which is from the residence King Louis Philippe occupied when a school-teacher at Canandaigua, in New York State, and which was presented to Mrs. Thompson by Mrs. Judge Taylor, of that village, who owns the house where the relic was; secondly, the rag carpet, made to order, and displaying some surprisingly decorative qualities.

The wood-work of Mrs. Thompson's bedroom is of cherry, the furniture of mahogany, and the frieze a beautiful specimen of ornamental hand-painting. The tiles in the facing of the fire-place of her dressing-room were painted by a clever amateur, a daughter of the late Dr. Daggett, of Yale College, to tell the story of "The House that Jack built." The third story, finished in butternut, is devoted to guest-rooms; the fourth story, in Georgia pine, chiefly to Mr. Thompson's music-room, with piano, organ, banjo, flute, and so on; and the fifth story to what is called, by the family, his "den," with vast array of apparatuses for chemical experiments, for photography, for printing, for carpentry, and other industrial arts in which the host is an amateur.

Hydraulic elevator.

The hydraulic elevator, from top to bottom of the house, has a threefold safeguard to prevent accidents: whenever a door is opened an electric buzzing indicates that fact, so that nobody on any other floor will pull the rope to lower the machine; no door can be opened unless the elevator is directly opposite it; nor can the rope be pulled while any door is open. The gas throughout the house is lighted by electricity. In the basement the billiard-room, with its huge brick fire-place, and the bowling-alley, built on a brick arch to prevent noise, are furnished with all the modern improvements, in a style simply luxurious.

MR. GEORGE KEMP'S HOUSE.

To enter the drawing-room of Mr. GEORGE KEMP's stately mansion, No. 720 Fifth Avenue, is to refresh one's self with a delicious melody of color. The general motive of the decoration is Arabic, with an *Arabic decoration.* inclination to the Persian in the forms, the purpose of the artist having been to produce utmost delicacy of linear and chromatic effect; and so generous were the resources of his art, flexible and varied the methods of his *technique*, that the finished result possesses to an extraordinary degree the charm of ceaseless suggestiveness and tireless unfolding. Especially is this the case with reference to the iridescent metallic tones of the silvered ground of the ceiling, as these glow and play in the embrace of the caressing light, inviting the attention of the spectator afresh with each change of his position. Wherever he stands, the diverse beauties of that shimmering expanse attract his eye and fascinate his fancy; and if he has the good fortune to be present about mid-day, say between the hours of eleven and two, when the opalescent and other hues of the stained glass of the magnificent bay-window are quickened by the pervasive sunshine and reflected not only on the ceiling but in the deep stillness of the mirror on the opposite side of the room, the diversified splendor is beautiful beyond description.

This iridescent ceiling is relieved by a cornice which, instead of projecting, recedes, adding to the lightness of the effect and to the general breadth. The deep frieze is composed of a pattern of circles *The frieze.* and squares interlaced; and, in order to gain in size, the bay-window has been treated as a part of the room, its slender columns of holly taking the place of the usual heavy mullions. The ease and grace with which

*Holly-
wood.*

*Harmony
of details.*

*Notable
mantel.*

which this wood enters into the general scheme of Arabic decoration was fully appreciated by the artist, who has used it in the door-casings, the chairs, the tables, and even in the grand piano, a notable piece of furniture, enriched with light moldings and marquetry of mahogany. Even the cabinet for music-books was especially manufactured, so that the quiet blue plush of its covering strikes no discordant note; and the two luminous and fine examples of Pasini, which hang on the walls in company with one or two water-colors, were selected for the position because of their natural affinity for it. The more carefully the spectator examines into details, the more confident is his conviction that not an article of furniture or ornamentation in this artistic apartment was put there save under the guidance of an intelligent purpose faithfully exercised and lavishly equipped—for cost has not been counted, but only the exigency of the decorative scheme as it inch by inch unfolded itself; and since the evolution of such a pictorial idea never completely embodies itself at once, it follows that Mr. Kemp's necessity, as well as his delight, has been, and still is, to add to the beauties of this room such other beauties as lucky opportunity and diligent search and unwearied patience may procure. But, though susceptible of an indefinite amount of adornment, like a beautiful woman, the place lacks nothing. Extremely notable is the mantel, built of a reddish wood, and inlaid with hexagonal specimens of seventeen other woods so arranged as to produce a highly-complicated and finely-gradationed effect. The wainscoting, similarly composed, extends around the room. Opalescent glass tiles surround the fire-place opening, which is backed by real old Arabian tiles (as their inimitably lovely blue tones indicate), imported expressly for the purpose. The treatment of the mirror over the mantel reflects that of the general wood-work, which presents but few projections, though these are very marked—as, for instance, the two low shelves on either side of the mantel, which support a pair of superb vases, and the mirror itself, composed of small pieces of beveled glass, and surmounted by a horizontal panel of Japanese brocade, woven with wonderful elaboration and beauty, is confronted by three small

small lanterns of translucent blue-glass globes which diffuse within the mirror a soft and mild radiance. On one side of the mantel a door opens to the hall; on the other side an alcove protects the larger picture by Pasini, which is lighted by a special reflector of sawed and engraved brass—an honest way of treating a fine oil-painting.

At the west side of the room a door to the dining-room and another door to a secret cabinet slide on wheels hung entirely on the exterior of the wall, and between these openings is a pierced carved panel of white holly. The secret cabinet contains various curiosities of porcelain and *bric-à-brac*, worthy of extended description, as also is a somewhat similar series selected from the collection of Mr. Samuel Colman, and arranged by him in a fashion so deft as to constitute a special study. The walls, for the most part, are hung with plush of a delicate shade, in which appear designs corresponding with the arabesques of several panels of plaster-of-Paris. Bluish-toned rugs, also appropriate in pattern, cover the floor; and the lighting is done, without chandeliers or sconces, by means of four large hanging lanterns of Persian designs, each one different, and having jets both inside and outside. These lanterns depend from near the four corners of the room, and three smaller ones hang from the arch of the bay-window.

Behind the enchanting drawing-room is the dining-room, finished in carved oak, with massive sideboard of the same wood, lofty, wide, and variously enriched. The oak paneling of the walls, extending to a height of about ten feet, is met by a deep frieze, painted on gilded canvas by Tiffany, to represent a succession of fruits, plants, and vegetables, and producing a unique and charming decorative effect, with its broad and bold realism, its soft and rich execution, and its appreciation of the coloristic possibilities of the subject. It is not easy to exaggerate the beauty of keeping with which this pictorial and highly-picturesque work takes its place as the leading attraction of the dining-room. The double transoms of the four windows, one in front of the other, lend a subdued and almost mysterious air to the light that passes through thin colored glass above the heavy hangings of embroidered plush

Secret cabinet.

Oak paneling in dining-room.

Frieze in dining-room.

plush. The *portières*, of similar material, constitute some of the most beautiful specimens of pure and picturesque embroidery ever wrought in this country. One of them represents "Titian's Daughter" (after the celebrated oil-painting of that name), a brilliant example of needle-woven tapestry and *appliqué* work.

The library.

Of mahogany is the wood-work of the library, in front of the drawing-room. Here the bronze of the plush hangings echoes itself in the lighter shade of the plush of the same tint that covers the chairs. Against the gilt cove of the frescoed and lightly-paneled ceiling various iridescent shells have been thrown. The walls are hung in a costly silk stuff, above which stretches a band of embroidered plush. On either side of the principal entrance are sunset effects by George H. Yewell and F. A. Silva—one a view of the Rialto, the other a coast-scene; while in the main panel of the mantel, whose canopy of carved mahogany rests upon slender columns of Alps-green marble, is inserted an interior of the Ducal Palace of Venice, also painted by Mr. Yewell. Between the two front windows stands a beautiful writing-desk surmounted by a cabinet, and all the furniture is of chastely-elegant designs. A sumptuous piece of Persian embroidery has been put in a gilt frame and hung as a pendant to a glowing still-life by Robie.

The hall.

The feature of the hall is the delightful perspective through the arch in front of the stairs, across the first landing, and thence to the stained-glass window in the rear. It is a suggestion from the Cluny Palace, worked out in a spirit of creative freedom. The large register in the high wainscoting of oak has been surrounded with glass tiles so as to produce a fire-opening effect; and the tone of the whole is kept down by an Eastern rug one hundred and fifty years old. The walls of the vestibule display glass tiles curiously colored in dashes of blue.

The vestibule.

No person of artistic susceptibility can enter Mr. Kemp's noble house without feeling an immediate and continued appeal to his most cultivated fancies and emotions.

MR. F. W. HURTT'S HOUSE.

ONE of the charming cottages of the highlands at Yonkers is that of Mr. F. W. HURTT, situated on the banks of the lordly Hudson, directly opposite the Palisades, and commanding a view down the river and across the Bay of New York. Every room, by means of bay-window or other projection, overlooks the broad expanse of water; and, when it was desired to add two new apartments, these were thrown directly over the carriage-way, and supported by pillars.

The most notable feature of the interior, as seen in the plates, is undoubtedly the library (between the drawing-room and the dining-room), which has been decorated and furnished with great care and intelligence in a strictly Moresque style, and so successfully, that one of the rising young artists in this country, whose interiors have already brought him into very flattering notice, recently expressed a desire to make a painting of it on canvas. Every article of furniture, except the frames of the chairs, was selected and bought by Mrs. Hurtt herself in Morocco. The hangings are Moorish embroideries on a ground of yellow silk, or a fabric closely resembling silk, the art of manufacturing which is lost. Along the center and extending the whole length of the black-satin cover of the lounge is a Moorish woman's wedding-sash, the fringe on the ends of which touches the floor, the sash itself being almost as stiff as a board, by reason of the abundance of its gold-thread, so that one wonders how a bride ever wore it about her waist. The walls offer a choice assortment of Alhambra decorations, and nearly all the designing is in gold on a solid ground. Between the library and the drawing-room rises a triple arch of true

*Moresque
decoration.*

Alhambra

*Moorish
ornaments.*

Alhambra pattern, colored in red, gold, blue, and black. The silvered-bronze vessel, filled with rose-water, which the Moorish host offers to his guest, that he may dip his fingers into it, can not fail to win attention; and, if he sees a fan lying on a table, the visitor may be sure it is a Moorish one. Under the five small Moorish arches above the principal shelf of the mantel appear picturesque Spanish figures in colored clay, and on the higher shelf various Moorish ornaments and utensils of hammered brass and other material, the collection surmounted by a pair of Moorish candlesticks, which, with their wax-tapers, take the place of sconces. The grate is a swinging basket, which carries out the Moorish idea as nearly as was possible in a modern house; and the furniture, with its tawny-red plush and yellow satin, has been enriched by Moorish embroideries. All the pictures hung in the room are sketches of Moorish towns or Alhambra models.

*Library
windows.*

A very unique and beautiful effect is that of the windows. At about the height of one's head a light rod crosses them, and upon it are hung some Moorish curtains. Across the top stretches a band of fretwork, with stained glass, and between the top and bottom are panes of plain glass, through which the eye reaches to the plants in the conservatory. This happy stroke of artistic decoration was Mrs. Hurtt's idea, and her cultivated taste appears in every characteristic feature of the house. The floor is covered with a moquette carpet with a dark-maroon border, over which are several Turkish rugs, and the ceiling represents in fresco some stars shining through dark clouds of night.

It was said that in such a room no book-cases could be put with any pretext of propriety; but, as books are very useful in a library, the hostess solved the difficulty by getting her carpenter to fit into the walls a series of low shelves—not higher than the back of an ordinary chair—and covering them with capuchin-red plush, which has a slight yellow tinge, and does not put in jeopardy the red of the surrounding Alhambresque mural ornamentation.

In order that the Moorish feeling of the library might not intrude upon the parlor (whose scheme of decoration is distinctly different), the
effect

effect of the triple arch was neutralized, so far as the latter room is concerned, by hangings that conceal the two smaller openings. Here the general tone of the furniture and embroideries is a peacock-blue, ^{Parlor decoration.} the furniture being covered with plush of that hue, except the smaller chairs, which show the delicate tint known as the robin's-egg blue. The walls are frescoed in yellow and in pale blue, and the frieze of solid gold-leaf looks as if several peacock-feathers had been tossed up and stuck there. This use of the peacock-feather, it may be observed, was a startling novelty when first introduced into Mrs. Hurtt's parlor, in days long previous to those when the sale of peacock-feathers became a chief industry on the sidewalks of Fourteenth Street. The ceiling is in gold and silver of Japanese design. All the doors are sliding, and, if we push aside the farthest one, we enter the English dining-room, where the ceiling of beaded oak, with conventional ornamentation in the cornice, protects the oak and ash furniture, the ash floor, and the sideboard of ash, with its red panels of embossed leather, harmoniously responding to the orange-red effect of the hangings.

A very pretty bedroom has a ceiling of Japanese fans placed so as ^{Ceiling of Japanese fans.} partly to overlap one another. The tone of the apartment is a delicate yellow, with just enough red to relieve it; and the ebonized furniture and mantel, painted sketchily in wild flowers in Japanese style, looks entirely at ease when set off by the dark-gold wall-paper, ornamented with Japanese horse-chestnut designs. Mr. Hurtt's house is not the costliest in the country, nor "such as might provoke the Persian, were he to teach the world riot anew"; but it shows how easily an artistic atmosphere may be produced where there are artistic gifts to create it.

MRS. JOHN A. ZEREGA'S HOUSE.

AN English reviewer, after noting that changes in taste are constant, "every new fact being put forth with the solemnity of infallible dogma," nothing being permanent "except brass fenders," asks how anybody can be certain of anything in household art, "when even the authentic Chippendale (like the General Councils) may err, and sometimes has erred?" Clearly, household art belongs, as philosophers say, to the realm of the contingent, and the moral is, that no one should give himself much trouble about the matter, except at the prompting of his natural taste." He might have added, that in some American houses this is precisely what the owners have done; and although it may be true, as he asserts, that "Englishmen have no style of their own because they know too much of the styles of the past, and learning has choked originality," his observation does not apply to all of us Americans, nor would he insinuate that it did were he familiar with the interior of such a house as that of Mrs. JOHN A. ZEREGA, at No. 38 West Forty-eighth Street, where the taste of the mistress, instead of displaying itself in "a series of rapid transformations, or in muddling together, in picturesque confusion, strays of the furniture of a dozen periods and races," has produced choice, discreet, and original harmonies, interesting and pleasing alike to Philistines and to children of light. And there is not a "brass fender" in the house—nor a fender of any sort, the mistress believing that a fire-place is a natural center of attraction, and consequently that the repelling fender has no business there.

It is not the expenditure of immense sums of money in the decoration of the rooms in Mrs. Zerega's house that has afforded her taste
the

Reception-
room.—
Japanese
decoration.

the opportunity to unfold itself, but rather the gift of discerning artistic possibilities in almost all sorts and conditions of things, and the aptitude for utilizing those possibilities. The reception-room is Japanese in spirit, yet that spirit is by no means narrow or severe. The *portières* are of Japanese stuffs, designed by Lafarge after a Japanese picture of a *portière*, in deep shades of shaded maroon, with narrow bands of gold, the borders enriched by four bows intermingled with a Japanese material and brown satin; and just above them, and hung on separate rods, appears a sort of frieze lambrequin, gold-embroidered, with shaded grays and browns on a pale-blue ground. The window-curtains consist of pieces of variegated old Japanese priests' robes, of pale-blue crape embroidered in gold, red, and greens, the whole inserted in a frame of pomegranate plush, which is bordered on the sides and bottom with tassels to correspond with the colors in the embroidery; while the window has an upper band of Japanese stained glass, above which is seen a pale evening effect, with two conventionalized birds on a branch under a crescent moon. The back of a comfortable divan near by is partly hidden by antimacassars of Japanese silver crape, the seat showing pale shades of Japanese patterns enriched with old gold that blends with other gold, and the border a fringe that harmonizes with the border of the rug below it.

Immense
Japanese
fan.

Competing with this delicately true gamut of color, but not antagonizing it, are two objects fastened on the walls in a fashion daring if not defiant, and so successfully withal as at once to amuse and delight the spectator. One of them is an immense Japanese fan, opened to its full extent and six feet wide, painted by hand, and imported in a case as big as a coffin; the other a Japanese bill of lading, covered with mysterious Japanese characters, and inviting the visitor to ask the hostess (who, by-the-way, saw it in some *débris* of a fancy-goods establishment, and carried the trophy off for its immediately discerned adaptability to its present use), "Won't you tell me the story about that?" An ebony cabinet made to order after a Japanese design, with quaint and conspicuous silver scroll hinges and lock, is filled with

various

various porcelains which act briskly their part as color-foci. And not far off, of course, one sees a piquant little divinity of Japan—an idol that a woman might worship with little trepidation.

Like the furniture in general, the mantel is of ebony, with here ^{Mantel-piece.} and there a bamboo effect. A mirror behind it reflects many pieces of porcelain or *faience*, some of them massive, and standing in inclosures that were made to suit them. A pleasant and grateful touch is the shelf filled with books not too good for daily use, which hangs just over the hearth; and very beautiful, of exquisite design and workmanship, are the tiles that decorate the facing of the fire-place with their painted storks, black birds, red birds, fans, jars, daisies, and gold effects on grounds of a delicate pale blue. Let us note that the beautiful border of the floor is not of parquetry, as might seem to be the case, but has been painted in stencil after designs furnished by the hostess, whose individuality has found charming expression in every notable feature of the house.

The hall, through which we pass on our way to the drawing-room, constitutes, one might say, a private and very select exhibition of *portières*. Even the staircase is draped. The glass of a Turkish lantern of abundantly perforated old brass presents, when lighted, a deeply lustrous ruby effect. A lady's handsome writing-desk in the rear, near the classical lamp on the newel-post, seems to show that this cozy retreat, bounded by hanging stuffs of subdued rich tints, answers a very practical purpose. And as we pass into the drawing-room we unconsciously turn around to look at the *portière*, "stiff with embroideries of illustrious names" (as Macaulay would say), against which our shoulders have sacrilegiously brushed.

This splendid *portière*, easily the principal feature of the apartment, ^{Portière by Lafarge.} was designed by Mr. Lafarge, after a pencil-drawing by Mrs. Zerega, and executed by the ladies in Miss Tillinghast's studio. It is a sunset landscape, wrought somewhat in the style of the embroideries recently exhibited in New York by Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and casting its flush of evening splendor in silver gleams of sunset on a high ground

ground covered with peonies, in the midst of an environment of exquisite rich browns, olives, and golds, a great feeling of atmosphere, a solid study of varied hues and contrasted textures, a broad and harmonious wealth of *chiaro-oscuro*, a wise balancing of tones, a finely-harmonized scheme of coloring, and a rare capacity on the part of the artists to see their subject as a whole, so that we may speak of this *portière* as an epoch-making work of picturesque embroidery, in the sense that the drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre is, the effects being obtained partly by pure embroidery and partly by the juxtaposition of variously-colored stuffs.

Embroid-
ered
screen.

Not less artistic and fully as beautiful in its way is an embroidered screen, in which a woodland nymph (or a *Jessica*, if we please), of lovely expression and graceful *pose*, stands against a tree in a highly-poetic moonlit landscape, with a Renaissance border, watching for the coming of her lover. The composition is taken directly from one of Mr. John Lafarge's paintings, and the method employed is that now known in this country as "needle-woven tapestry," in which the needle of the embroiderer follows the horizontal lines that the weaver follows when working his thread into the cloth. Each effect is produced exclusively in this fashion; there are no perpendicular or diagonal lines; and the material used as a ground is a canvas specially prepared for the purpose. To artists who have never seen specimens of what can be done in needle-woven tapestry, this screen would be a marvel of workmanship; and to any of them who should ask, "Why expend so much time with the needle in creating effects that might more easily have been obtained with pigments?" the answer would be, "Precisely such beautiful effects as are wrought out in this screen could not be obtained with pigments at all." Tiresome though the process of producing such varied and subtle beauty with the needle must be, it is difficult to conceive how any person of taste could ever tire of the beauty of the result. Of how many oil-paintings in our drawing-rooms could the same be said with truth?

The presence of such work in a drawing-room exacts no slight solicitude

solicitude for a suitable and adequate environment, and the mistress of the house has sedulously addressed herself to the business of properly surrounding her treasure. The piano contains three panels of old kid, embroidered, painted, and inserted, reminding one of Mrs. Alma-Tadema's piano, embellished by that lady's paintings, among which are some passages of the old music of the old song, "Summer is a-comin' in"; and on the three canvas panels of a large screen in the dining-room Mrs. Zerega's facile and accomplished brush has made itself felt. One of the panels displays what has been described as "the leonine beauty of the sunflower," accompanied by the legend, "In all the livery of summer's pride"; another, golden and purple grapes above the inscription—

Panels in piano.

"For thee large bunches load the bending vine,

And the last blessings of the year are thine;"

and the third, clusters of dogwood-blossoms, graced with Chaucer's lines—

"First lusty Spring all dight in leaves of Flowres,

That freshly budded and new Blooms did beare."

Each panel is about five feet high and two feet wide. The plain pine frame of a small square mirror has been painted by the same clever and sympathetic hand, on a shaded background of gold, with a group of swallows in flight, and with a garland of nasturtiums which in one corner leave the frame to twine upward against the glass.

The walls of this drawing-room are covered with a paper of a floriated pattern of blue on gold, with a frieze five feet deep of raised gold, meeting a ceiling that is paneled off in solid color to harmonize with the brocaded velvet on satin of the coverings of the Pompadour furniture. On the back of one of the chairs appear Hymen's torch and Cupid's bow; and the visitor, who is soon to be introduced to some Latin mottoes in the stained-glass windows of the drawing-room, would scarcely be surprised if somewhere in the region of this amatory chair he should see inscribed such lines as these from the walls of a house in Pompeii:

Walls of drawing-room.

"Quis

“Quis amat valeat ; pereat qui
Nescit amare ; bis tanto pereat
Quisquis amare vetat.”

Perhaps the words are actually there.

Dining-
room.

But let us no longer forbear to enter the dining-room. It is an extension to the house, and the problem to make it light enough was solved by the happy idea of cutting off the four corners, thus making the apartment octagonal, and getting so much light that the curtains are necessarily kept drawn—or, as Professor Dowden would say:

“The blinds are dropped, and softly now and slowly
The day flows in and floats ; a calm retreat

Of tempered light where fair things fair things meet.”

Wall-
paper.

Each corner contains a window, and above the rod that holds the curtain stretches a band of stained glass of highly-decorative design, in the center of which shines one of the four Latin words, “*Hospitalitas*,” “*Amicitia*,” “*Familia*,” “*Prosperitas*”—a felicitous selection. The furniture is of mahogany, and the mantel, adorned with porcelain, and reaching almost to the frieze, has been handsomely designed in the same material. All the chairs are durably upholstered in stamped leather of a tone to match that of the mahogany wood-work. The facing of the fire-place, which here, again, is hospitably destitute of a fender, represents hunting-scenes. The mahogany sideboard is enriched with carved panels, and also with bronze panels in low-relief. The wall-paper is of dead gold stamped, and the fine Eastern rug on the floor has much of the feeling of those old Smyrna carpets “whose graceful patterns and deftly-associated tints left nothing to be desired”—if we may cite the excellent authority of Mr. Mark Pattison. But no description of Mrs. Zerega’s house would approximate completeness, unless special mention were made of the alluring vista that greets the spectator who stands in the hall and gazes thence through openings of dexterously-parted *portières* away back into the distance, trying at last, but unsuccessfully, to discern in the magnificent pier-glass at the farthest extremity of the dining-room a limit to the vision.

Alluring
vista.

MR. OSWALD OTTENDORFER'S PAVILION.

ON the walls of the Alhambra is an inscription to the effect that he who attentively studies them will reap the benefit of a commentary on the entire art of decoration; and the leading authority on Moresque ornamentation (Mr. Owen Jones) enumerates some general principles which seem equally characteristic of the interior of Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER'S beautiful Pavilion on the east bank of the North River, just above Manhattanville. In the first place, says Mr. Jones, the Moors *Moorish decoration.* always noted the difference between decorating a construction and constructing a decoration. Their decoration is a natural growth from the construction of a building, and, still further, it carries out the idea of that construction in every detail of the ornamentation of the surface. Secondly, all lines grow out of each other in gradual undulations; all transitions of curved lines from curved, or of curved lines from straight, are gradual, thus never disturbing the sense of repose. Thirdly, the general forms were first produced; these were subdivided by general lines, and their interstices filled in with ornamentation, which ornamentation was again subdivided and enriched. By this means, when seen at a distance, the general form is distinct, and the nearer you approach the more you find to study and to admire. Fourthly, harmony of form was preserved by the proper balancing and contrast of the straight, the inclined, and the curved. To have used straight lines only would have been monotonous. Fifthly, all lines proceed from a parent stem: every ornamentation can be traced back to its branch and root, and tells a reason for its existence, as in the case of the various parts of the surface of a vine-leaf. Moreover, in proceeding from

*Law of
color in
Moorish
decoration.*

from the parent stem they follow the principle of radiation, as do leaves on a twig. Sixthly, all junctions of curved lines with curved, or of curved lines with straight, are tangential to one another, as in a feather or a leaf. This gives the added charm of grace. Seventhly, those curves are considered the most agreeable which are of the higher order—such as the conic sections, instead of circles and compass-work. The means whereby they are produced are not obvious, therefore the curves themselves are not monotonous. Segments of circles are very seldom to be found in the moldings and curved lines of the Alhambra or the Parthenon. Eighthly, the treatment of ornament is conventional, since the Moors were forbidden by their creed to represent living forms whether animal or vegetable. Ninthly, color was used to assist in the development of form, as a means of bringing out the constructive features of a building: limiting their palette to the primary colors, blue, red, and yellow, whenever stucco-work was to be decorated (in Mr. Ottendorfer's Pavilion flock-paper, specially designed, is used on the walls), the choice of each color was with reference to the architectural form to which it was to be applied, care being taken to select for it the position where it would best be seen, and would most add to the general effect. Accordingly, red (the strongest color of the three) was put on molded work where it might be softened by shadow, but never on the surface; blue in the shade, and gold on all surfaces exposed to light. These colors are never allowed to impinge upon each other, but are separated either by white bands, or by the shadow caused by the relief of the ornament itself. Finally, as the rays of light neutralize each other in the proportions of three yellow, five red, and eight blue, the blue always occupies the largest area, equaling in quantity the red and the yellow—more than equaling it, in the Alhambra, where yellow is replaced by gold, which tends toward a reddish-yellow.

No pleasanter suburban retreat in summer is easily conceivable than Mr. Ottendorfer's Pavilion, with its strictly Moresque mural decoration, and its handsome hangings, divans, and other fixtures, all in consonance with

with the central artistic idea of the structure. From the spacious piazza, or through the lofty windows, the eye reaches northward along the glorious Hudson a distance of at least twenty miles, southward as far as the mouth of the river, and westward directly across the shining surface to the Palisades—a view that might have inspired the pen of Washington Irving, who celebrated in his choicest prose the extensive prospects and enchanting scenery commanded by the Moorish palace. “I have just been seated,” he writes, “in one of the balconies, enjoy-
ing the close of a brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the View
from the
Alhambra. purple mountains of Alhama, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra; while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting ray, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then arose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the ornamental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power; and, like the evening sun beaming on these moldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past. As I sat watching the effect of the declining day upon the Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant, and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike people who so long battled here for the mastery of the Peninsula. By degrees, I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Morisco Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history.” Mr. Ottendorfer’s European guests invariably tell him that no such glad view as that from his Moorish Pavilion ever greeted their eyes before.

The

The interior of this unique and costly structure, which passengers on the North River boats are not likely soon to forget, is about twenty feet wide, thirty-four feet long, and thirty-two feet high ; the exterior, about forty-five feet by forty-five ; and with especial felicity of choice Mr. Ottendorfer has caused to be inscribed, at intervals, on the ceiling the following verses from a classic German poet :

*Verses
from a
German
poet.*

“ Allah ist gross, schoen ist die Welt,
Wer ihn verehrt und hoch sie haelt
Wird durch Genuss der Zweiten
In des Ersten Schoosse gleiten.

“ Wer sich beurtheilt nur nach sich,
Gelangt zu falschen schlüssen ;
Du kannst so wenig kennen dich
Als du dich selbst kannst küssen.”

Which may be rendered : “ God is great ; beautiful is the world. He who honors Him and values it will, through the enjoyment of the second, glide into the lap of the first. He who judges himself only by himself reaches false conclusions ; you can as little know yourself as you can kiss yourself.”

MR. W. G. DOMINICK'S HOUSE.

STANDING in the beautiful dining-room of Mr. W. G. DOMINICK'S house, at No. 35 East Fifty-seventh Street, and looking southward through two arched screens until his eye rests upon the lustrous hues of the stained-glass transoms of the front bay-window of the drawing-room, which shine above an admirable marble statue by R. H. Park, *Charming perspective.* the visitor is treated to the influences of a fascinating perspective, in which the varied and multiform scheme of surroundings blends into a truly homogeneous *ensemble*. The old blue tone immediately around him passes easily into the olive tone of the library and the distant gold tone of the drawing-room, gathering itself up for a concentrated effect in some of the colors of the transom; while the very pictures on the walls strive, without struggling, and with entire success, to contribute their accessory beauty. There, in the drawing-room, hangs E. L. Weeks's "Eastern Gate"—bright-costumed Arabs in front of the arched *Paintings by Weeks and* entrance to the court of an Eastern dwelling, whose façade, decorated in tile-work and other ornamental enrichment, is one of those capital pieces of still-life painting for which this American artist has already gained international celebrity; and, not far away, Julien Dupré's *Julien Dupré.* "Harvesters"—a young French peasant-woman, with her two-pronged wooden rake, rivaling the industry of her companion of the sterner sex in a sunny hay-field. The date (1882) reminds one that the work is contemporaneous with that other example of the same painter, "Au Pâturage," which was greatly admired at the last *Salon*, especially by the professional spectator; and when Mr. Dominick's picture is contemplated with reference to this other one, the strong young harvester seems

seems to be a sister of the brawny farm-hand who bends backward her fine figure in the effort to restrain the too eager advance of a marvelously-modeled cow in a pasture. The "Harvesters" has many qualities that the elder Dupré would find pleasure in appreciating. The *portière* of the opening into the hall, its deep-blue plush adorned with *appliqué*-work of gold on crimson, seeks an echo in the crimson and turquoise upholstery of the furniture, and finds it in the crimson and gold of foliated *appliqué* ornament of the *portière* under the arch-screen of the dining-room; and everywhere one sees traces of a most skillful and subtle devotion to the cause of chromatic harmony. Through the stained-glass window in the ceiling, the daylight and the superimposed gaslight softly steal upon the ebonized book-cases, the writing-desk, and the walnut mantel of the library, never loath to encounter the mellow tones of Zügel's flock of sheep, and the red and white roses of Longpré *fil.*

Decorative
scheme.

But the most important decorative scheme of the house is, undoubtedly, the octagonal north side of the dining-room. At the extreme left, and covering the entrance to the butler's pantry, hangs a pair of handsome Turkoman *portières*, which balance a similar pair at the extreme right, directly in front of a window. A mahogany mantel occupies the center, and just above it glows a splendid window of stained glass, presenting two noble figures plucking fruit and typifying "Autumn." In most houses, of course, such a feature would be impossible, because of the presence of the chimney, but here the flues diverge to the right and left after leaving the fire-opening and ascend on either side of the stained-glass window, the wall-space covering them being occupied by narrow mirrors, in front of which hang brass lanterns, whose globes of pearl and ruby tones are suffused with light from the burners within. Above one of these mirrors is an old bronze plaque; above the other, a novel Japanese plaque of teak-wood inlaid in bronze, pearl, and ivory, to tell the fable of an impoverished married couple who, having been led to a resolution to bury their live child in order to be able to supply their aged parents with the necessities of life, find,

find, in the grave which they have dug, a pot of gold. Is it the Japanese version of the Hebrew story of Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac at the call of duty?

All the wood-work and furniture of this room, especially the generous sideboard with its delicate carvings, are of mahogany, and there is an abundance of rare porcelains and bronzes, not only in the cabinets in the two recesses, but on the walls, where hang also a large landscape by Sonntag, and a superb steel plaque inlaid with gold and copper, engraved by E. Bauduer. The Eastern rug on the parquetry floor contrasts its sober richness with the fresh and clear painting of flowers, birds, fruit, and corn on the satin of the three-paneled screen—a work of art from the clever brush of a lady-amateur which deserves in every respect the honor that it receives from Mr. Dominick's guests.

*Art objects
in dining-
room.*

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S HOUSE.

To the Greeks there was no gulf between the useful and the beautiful: useful things were beautiful, and beauty went hand-in-hand with use. So one feels in Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S mansion, at the north-east corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Entering on Thirty-sixth Street by the front doors of Circassian walnut, paneled and with a lion's head carved in high-relief, the visitor stands on the mosaic floor of the vestibule, under a ceiling of the same general character, and in front of two stained-glass doors, which slide apart to admit him into the hall, where, from a floor, again mosaic, he proceeds up several steps on the left to the main level of the house, leaving behind him in recesses on either side of the vestibule a coat-room and a dressing-room, which, when their doors are shut, do not seem to exist at all. The staircase, of American white oak, carved simply, and inspired by several primitive *motifs*, is three stories high, and lighted by a dome of stained glass, from the factory of Mr. John Lafarge.

The vestibule.

Facing the front door, on the main level of the building, an oaken mantel-piece in a generous recess serves as a simple and suitable frame for a large cartoon—an original by Kaulbach. A short flight of stairs leads to the first landing, on the right of which rises gracefully a triple arch, through whose spandrels of stained glass jewels in a lace-work of gilt wires the electric light or the sun shines with fine effect, the whole forming a screen of unostentatious and delicate beauty. On its right, directly over the front porch, is a small conservatory filled with palms and other plants. The walls of the hall are covered throughout with stamped flock paper, painted a pale Venetian red—the present fashionable

The hall and staircase.

fashionable *terra-cotta* color of ladies' gowns. The lighting is abundant, and soft by day and by night.

The drawing-room.

Stretching the entire length of the Madison Avenue side of the building, and approached on the main level at the left, is the spacious and charming drawing-room, whose Pompeiian inspiration is felt at once, although nothing like it can be seen in Pompeii, nor in that excellent example of Pompeiian decoration, the house of Germanicus, at Rome. A breath from the Græco-Roman epoch of Italia seems to have left its faint impress on the walls, or rather its faint fragrance in the atmosphere. That is all. No slavish copying of another dwelling or another period, ancient or modern, and no demonstrative self-assertion; but only a mild gayety of expression amid the aroma of perfect taste which prevails alike in the modest wood-work painted in ivory color, sprinkled with gold, and spangled with decorations; in the ceiling, which curves down to the frieze of wood, and is ornamented with a net-work of ropes in relief, and a suggestion (not an imitation) of light-colored mosaic; in the frieze itself, with its free-running ornament of Pompeiian red, and with parts of its carving touched up with gold; in the walls, divided by pilasters whose color corresponds with the frieze, and upholstered in Japanese stuffs worked in silk and gilt thread, and resplendent with *appliqué* work of Persian embroidery; in the chairs, covered with Japanese gold-thread embroidered on a black ground; in the divans and cushions of cherry plush and old Persian embroidery; in the glass cabinets of ivory-colored wood-work to match the furniture, filled with rare and costly *bric-à-brac*. The mantel-piece comes out in elliptic form, its top carrying along the line of the frieze, and supported by two square and tapering columns, its lower shelves on either side held up by caryatides with outstretched wings, reflected in the beveled glass panels that serve as mirrors. Opposite the entrance-door is the bay-window, seventeen feet wide, surrounded by low divans. The checkered parquetry floor is entirely covered with antique Persian rugs of rare quality and color. This drawing-room is unique. Its possibilities seem tireless, and the presence of oil-paintings by such masters

Mantel-piece.

masters of color as Diaz, Hamon, Vannutelli, Morages, Villegas, Marechal, and others, lends a gentle graciousness quite in sympathy with their surroundings. The Diaz, especially, instinct with luminosity in its suavely-blended tints, is one of the most pleasing examples to be seen anywhere. A quite extraordinary Corot, it may be added, beautifies the hall with a characteristic dawn-scene; and a portrait of Junius S. Morgan, Esq., of London, life-size, half-length, of rare excellence, and superb treatment of light, is a leading attraction of the library. *Paintings by Diaz and Corot.*

The reception-room opens from the hall at the side of the fireplace, and is in the Japanese manner, with wood-work of oak stained red. Low book-cases follow the walls, and over the mantel-piece and doors appear shelves for *bric-à-brac*. The ceiling, segmental barrel vaulted, has a ground of gold, and is partly penetrated with round transoms, that run from the circular openings of the bay-window, in which the room terminates. The Japanese stuffs with which the walls are hung present harmonious tones of broken color on a yellowish-dove ground. *Ceiling of reception-room.*

Returning to the hall, we pass along a few feet, and leave it at our right by entering Mrs. Morgan's morning-room, on the Thirty-sixth Street side. It is a library in ebonized oak, the staining allowing the grain of the wood to assert itself with natural strength. Above the shelves, which are eight feet high, runs the deep frieze of scroll-design on gold; and to the moldings, that bound its upper border, the ceiling comes down in stenciled scroll-work of light colors on gold. Olive plush covers the furniture and the wall-spaces of this delightful retreat, whose influence is not dissipated as we proceed into the principal library of the mansion.

Here the wood-work is of San Domingo mahogany, with a wainscoting ten and a half feet high. The ceiling is divided into octagon panels about two feet wide, although six of them are wider, and contain allegorical oil-figures of History and Poetry, each attended by two acolytes. The borders of the smaller panels are molded and picked out in green and red gold, the panels themselves being decorated with a Celtic *The library.*

Celtic fretwork of cords, and the walls carrying out the Celtic motive of the ceiling on a darker ground. In a deep, arched recess in the northern side of the room, the arch supported by columns, is set the fire-place, flanked by seats, with its floor raised a step above that of the rest of the apartment and tiled in small pattern, and with its facing of small, square tiles of blue and ochre. Near the southeast corner is an immense window with plate-glass, eight feet wide, and on either side of it are recesses for *bric-à-brac* and pictures, the latter standing against a background of peacock-green stamped plush. The furniture of the room is covered with the same material, plain. A stained-glass screen, designed by Mr. John Lafarge, separates the library from the conservatory.

The conservatory.

This inviting resort is about sixty feet long and ten feet wide, such surfaces of its walls as are not tiled being covered with moss, grown over with orchids and climbing plants. Its eastern side is banked up, in front of the glass panes, with flowers in pots. The entire floor, wainscoting, and frieze, are tiled. In a recess in the middle of the west wall stands a fountain, built of tiles framed in black marble, the water issuing from a bronze lion's mouth in a fan-like stream, and also from a circular series of openings in the center of the basin.

Romanesque dining-room.

We may proceed through this magnificent conservatory to the very notable Romanesque dining-room of Mr. Morgan's house, where his guests are introduced to a paneled wainscoting of English oak about eight feet high, and walls painted a dull red, and take their places at the table beneath a sky-light about twelve feet square, through the stained glass of which the electric light shines with a gentle glow. The ceiling, divided into large panels by heavy beams, which rest upon engaged columns of Sienna marble that are carried again by carved brackets projecting from the wainscot, represents all varieties of gilded sea-shells, each variety picked out with glazes of color that give it iridescence. The horizontal subdivision of the wood-work forms a frieze divided by pilasters at either side of the marble columns. The spacious and generous oaken fire-place, about twelve feet wide, ten feet high,

Fire-place in dining-room.

and

and three feet deep, with two Sienna marble columns, has a molded Sienna facing, and a hearth of marble mosaic. The sideboard, of no meager dimensions, is built into the wall; and the large, oaken chairs are upholstered in leather, stamped after the Portuguese manner. In this dining-room are also paintings by Church, Schaeffels, and, above all, one by Greuze, recently received from Florence, and considered equal to any specimen by that renowned artist in this country.

In the butler's pantry adjoining, one notices the two-story burglar- and fire-proof safe, and the two-story closets, with gallery. A private hydraulic elevator is approached directly from the main hall, its door refusing, in the interest of safety, to open unless the elevator is opposite.

Mrs. Morgan's bedroom, the principal apartment on the second floor, twenty-eight feet by eighteen, with an alcove five feet deep for the bed, and a canopy of striped-silk stuff, is finished in mahogany, with brass moldings, in a light and graceful style, with bits of delicate carving. The furniture is covered with a stuff of sage-green velvet, forming a lace-work pattern over a cherry silk ground, which is echoed in the hangings. The ceiling shows decorations of hand-painted flowers, leaves, and spider-webs on a delicate gray ground, and the walls are hung with a stamped paper in two colors of gold, the dado being darker. Bronze tiles make a frame for the fire-place, the opening of which is surmounted by a small shelf or molding of red marble. On one side of the room a door opens to Mrs. Morgan's dressing-room—on another side, to Mr. Morgan's dressing-room—each apartment most comfortably provided with the best modern conveniences, and tiled four and a half feet high, up to the Persian stuffs that adorn the walls. The sewing-room, across the hall, contains spacious and airy dress-closets.

Miss Morgan's room, next to her mother's dressing-room, is finished in ebonized cherry, with brass moldings, and with furniture to correspond. The walls are hung with blue-and-white cloth, and the ceiling is decorated in blue, white, and gold, in general harmony with the rest of the room, the furniture being covered with the same material as the

the walls. This room is considered one of the most successful features of the house.

The walls of the boys' room, on the other side of the hall, are covered with French stamped chintz, the furniture upholstered in the same material, of a light tapestry color. The wood-work is of antique oak.

Guest-room.

The guest-room is splendid with polished rose-wood. Its ceiling, done in different colors of gold, with stencil-work in light colors over the whole, and its walls and furniture covered with a neutral chintz-stuff, produce a rich and beautiful effect. Two three-quarter beds of rose-wood vie in their sheen with the glistening, paneled doors.

On the third floor is the school-room, and a gymnasium in the basement, furnished in the Harvard style, offers wholesome recreation to the youthful scholars.

Edison electric light.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's house, decorated and furnished throughout under the personal supervision of Mr. Christian Herter, is distinguished for being the first private dwelling in New York City into which the Edison electric light has been successfully introduced. Each room is supplied with it, and, in order to illuminate a room, you have simply to turn a knob as you enter. By turning a knob near the head of his bed, Mr. Morgan is able to light instantaneously the hall and every room on the first floor, basement, and cellar—a valuable precaution in case of the arrival of burglars. The power that generates the electricity is a steam-engine in the stable. In conclusion, it is just to say that this beautiful, elegant, and sumptuous mansion is even more notable for the air of comfort which every room wears, and for the attention to comfort which every fixture and arrangement displays.

MR. EDWARD N. DICKERSON'S HOUSE.

IF the *raison d'être* of a work of art is to be beautiful, and if beauty may be found in the skillful adaptation of means to ends, then certainly it is not inappropriate, while describing an artistic dwelling, to give prominence to those scientific features which make for hygiene and happiness. In Mr. EDWARD N. DICKERSON'S house, at No. 64 East Thirty-fourth Street, both science and art hold sway, the former having addressed itself especially and with fixedness of purpose to certain matters of atmospheric purity and personal safety. Take, for instance, the ventilation of the hall-way, and ask yourself why, as you ascend to the fifth story, the column of air, seventy feet high, becomes gradually cooler instead of warmer, as might naturally have been expected. That the fact is so, begins to be obvious as soon as you leave the second story, and in connection with it is the other fact of an ascending current so vigorous as to be felt when the hand is thrust beyond the balustrade. The higher you go, the cooler you become; because the air is carried up and off so rapidly through openings in the stained-glass sky-light, that its pressure is diminished and its rarefaction increased, the higher it gets; and rarefaction is a cooling process. The reason why the air is carried up so rapidly is, that plenty of it has been introduced below. *System of ventilation.*

Indeed, every room in this house has special ventilators for changing its atmosphere every few minutes. A register in the wall, performing its functions so well that an unfolded handkerchief if put in front will be blown away from it, is answered by two other registers, one in the center of the ceiling and another near the floor, as distant

as

*Sanitary
provision.*

as possible from the inflow, through which the outflowing current passes. And if you lift the knob of the closet in the bath-rooms, to allow the water to stream into the soil-pipe, the sweep of air is so strong in the same direction that the flames of a lighted piece of paper, held near the opening, are drawn irresistibly away from you. What chance for sewer-gas to escape into the room, when the draught out of it is so strong? This particular sanitary provision was invented by Mr. Dickerson, and it makes the bath-rooms as pure as any other apartment. Mr. Dickerson, before constructing his dwelling, seems to have set up certain vital conditions and built a house around them.

*"Science-
room."*

His *penchant* for science appears elsewhere also. On the fourth floor, just above his private library, is the "Science-Room," where, in front of comfortably-disposed divans and settees, is situated the most powerful Holtz's electric machine in the world. Behind it hangs a large sheet of white cloth, on which are thrown pictures from an immense stereopticon fed by hydrogen and oxygen introduced from the cellar. Various scientific instruments, more or less complex, are seen in other parts of the room, while on the roof is an astronomical observatory where Mr. Dickerson, during the late transit of Venus, took observations that fell between the two observations made at the National Observatory in Washington.

Air-filters.

The elevator is provided with a very clever fixture, patented by Mr. Dickerson, which renders impossible the starting of the car while a door is open, and the opening of a door when the car is not directly opposite it. In the basement, and beneath each coil of steam-pipe that furnishes the registers with hot air, is a filter of cotton-batting, say six feet square, through which the cold air from out-of-doors passes and is cleansed before being heated for warming the house. So successful is this filter that when the sunbeams shine into any of the rooms—and they very often do so—no dancing particles of dust are discernible within them. The amount of dirt thus kept from tainting the atmosphere is large enough to blacken the under part of the cotton-batting in a few days.

Another

Another invention of importance is Mr. Dickerson's plan for economizing the heat in his furnace to such an extent that for his immense house he needs only thirty-five tons of coal a year. He has succeeded in so detaining the heat within the furnace until utilized in the production of steam, that the smoke-stack is cool enough to admit of your putting your hand upon it without discomfort. Not only so, but even the interior of the tubes of the boiler, at the point where the hot air and smoke leave them to go into the smoke-stack, is sufficiently low in temperature to allow the insertion of your finger without annoyance, the thermometer showing in those usually very hot places only 180° on an average, and never more than 212°. This notable economic result is obtained by placing within the furnace, and about eighteen inches above the level of the fire, a series of parallel one-inch pipes, connected at the ends with a water-leg on each side of the fire; and from one of these water-legs a single pipe proceeds upward and empties its contents through an opening at the top of the boiler, while at the same time the opposite "leg" is supplied at the bottom from the lowest part of the boiler. The consequence is, that the water directly over the fire is constantly making a circuit from boiler to water-back and thence to boiler again, exhausting the heat that otherwise would go up the chimney, the boiler itself acting principally the part of a reservoir for the water that has been heated over the fire below and passed up into it. *Economic heat methods.*

We now proceed to the decorative aspects of the interior of this wholesome dwelling. The wood-work of the main hall and staircase on every floor is of solid mahogany, and on the lowest floor the wainscot is paneled to the ceiling. Ascending one flight, leaving behind us the reception-room, the toilet-room, and the billiard-room, we are greeted by the quiet, low-toned harmonies of the drawing-room. Both wood-work and furniture are of satin-wood enriched with ebony moldings; panels of light-blue satin damask cover the walls, and a gold net-work spreads itself over the pale-gray ground of the ceiling, the lines arranged so as to give the latter a concave effect. It is a most winning *Drawing-room.*

Art-
objects.

winning apartment, and, as for the ornaments of porcelains and *bric-à-brac*, one scarcely knows what to admire the most—the two immense *cloisonné* vases on bronze stands of bending caryatides; the exquisitely delicate Royal Worcester vase, covered by a glass case to protect its extreme fragility; the vase of egg-shell porcelain, jeweled by William Ball, of London, after a fashion not likely to be equaled; the Satsuma vase, with its lateral ornamentation of lava-like substance through which the air seems to have bubbled; or the Louis Quinze center-piece of metallic silver-work on blue porcelain, a relic of some old palace where it officiated as the candelabra for a dining-table. Each of these works is the best specimen of its kind, and possesses artistic and mechanical interest sufficient to justify several pages of description.

All the floors are parquetry of intricate patterns; and here in the morning-room, furnished throughout in ebony, stands a center-table whose top is of Mexican onyx. Eastman Johnson's "First Letter," a boy writing at a table with little ease of manner; George H. Boughton's "Repose," an interior with figure of a grandmother holding a sleeping child on her lap; and S. J. Guy's "Baby's Bed-time," a quite domestic *genre*—hang against the neutral tint of the flock-papered walls. Silk *portières* of old gold separate a triangular alcove, whose window lights the room.

Curiosity
in wood-
carving.

A remarkable curiosity in wood-carving is the screen of the bay-window of the dining-room, which adorned the Chinese booth of the Centennial Exhibition. Birds and squirrels nestle among the foliage, the pomegranates, and the grapes, along its entire length, and carvings in relief, of multiform figures, trees, and houses, with plenteous inlay of ivory, adorn the uprights. Several years might have been consumed in the execution of this beautiful and very striking work. Beneath it stands a noble piece of Japanese bronze. The deep-blue punch-bowl, of Bohemian glass, on the dresser, was bought in Paris by Thomas Jefferson, when he was United States Minister to France, and presented by him to the Honorable Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, and uncle to our host. So well ventilated is this hospitable dining-room

room that a score of guests may smoke beneath its ceiling of Chinese decorated panels, and immediately afterward all traces of their act pass off through the apertures above and below.

Mr. Dickerson's library, of black and French walnut, with paneled ceiling of embossed leather, contains G. P. A. Healy's oil-painting of an historic scene. Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, has gone to Hampton Roads by steamer to consult with Sherman, who has left his army in North Carolina confronting Johnston, and with Grant, whose army was investing Richmond. It is a council of war in the cabin of the vessel. Sherman, his hand uplifted to emphasize the statement, declares that there must be one more battle; but Lincoln, whose care-worn features the artist has drawn to the life, replies sadly and firmly, "Too much blood has been shed already." The value of this interesting picture will not decrease with the receding years. It is the original painting, half size, from which a life-size copy was made by Healey, which is now in Chicago. The letters-patent awarded to Mr. Dickerson's grandfather for an invention—the eleventh patent issued by our Government—bears the signatures of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and these signatures are repeated in a certificate of membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, of which the Father of his Country was the president. Another interesting historic curiosity is the head of the yellow-pine figure-head of General Jackson, which once adorned the bow of the United States frigate Constitution in Boston Harbor, but which, during the intense political excitement of 1835, was sawed off by a zealous young druggist of that city, who had rowed out to the frigate and climbed up her chain-cable during a night of Cimmerian darkness. Mr. Dickerson has honored this relic with a place on the mantel of his spacious and well-lighted billiard-room.

*The li-
brary.*

*Historic
curiosities.*

MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S HALL.

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MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S LIBRARY.



MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S DINING-ROOM.



MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S DRAWING-ROOM.



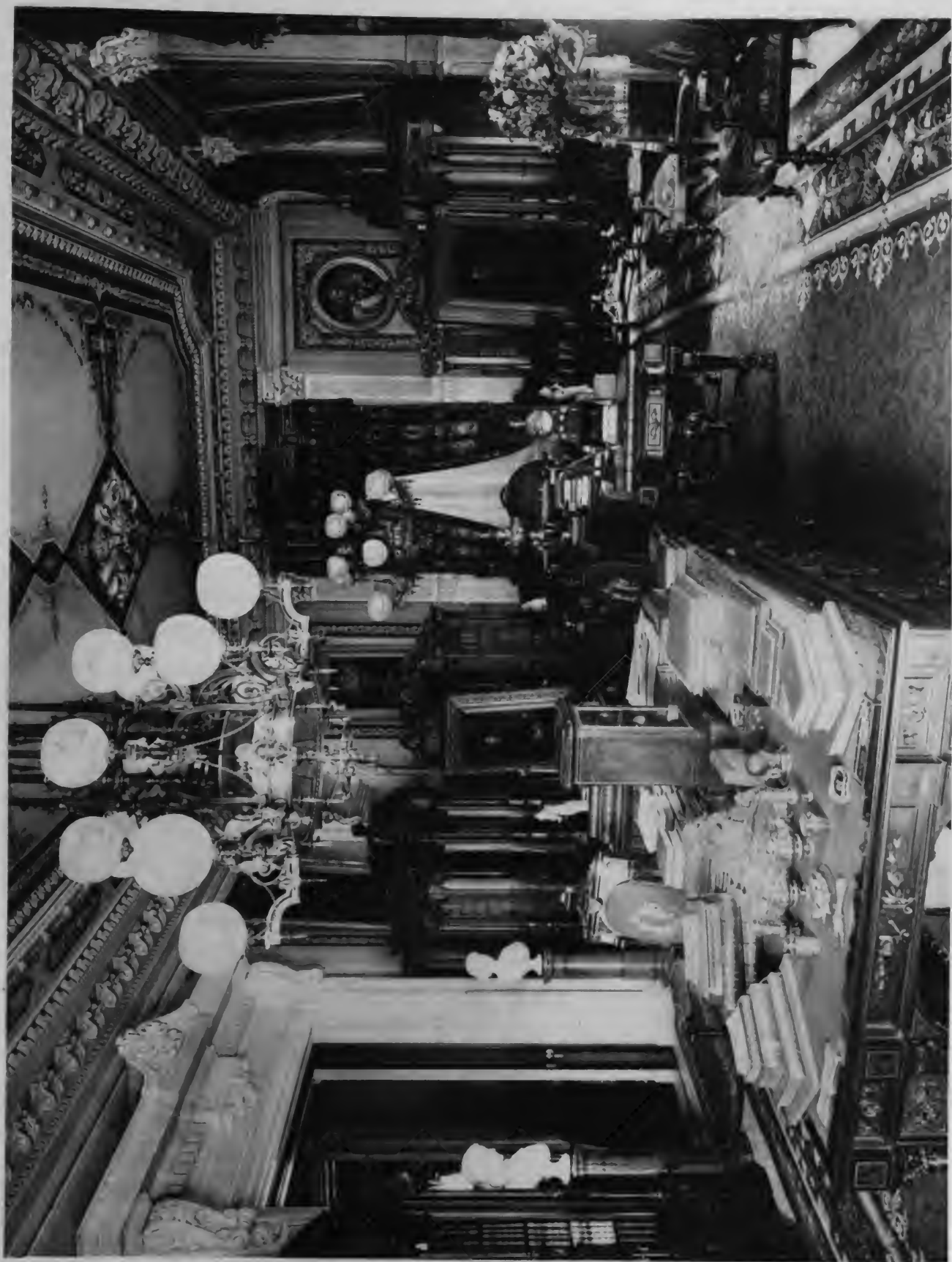
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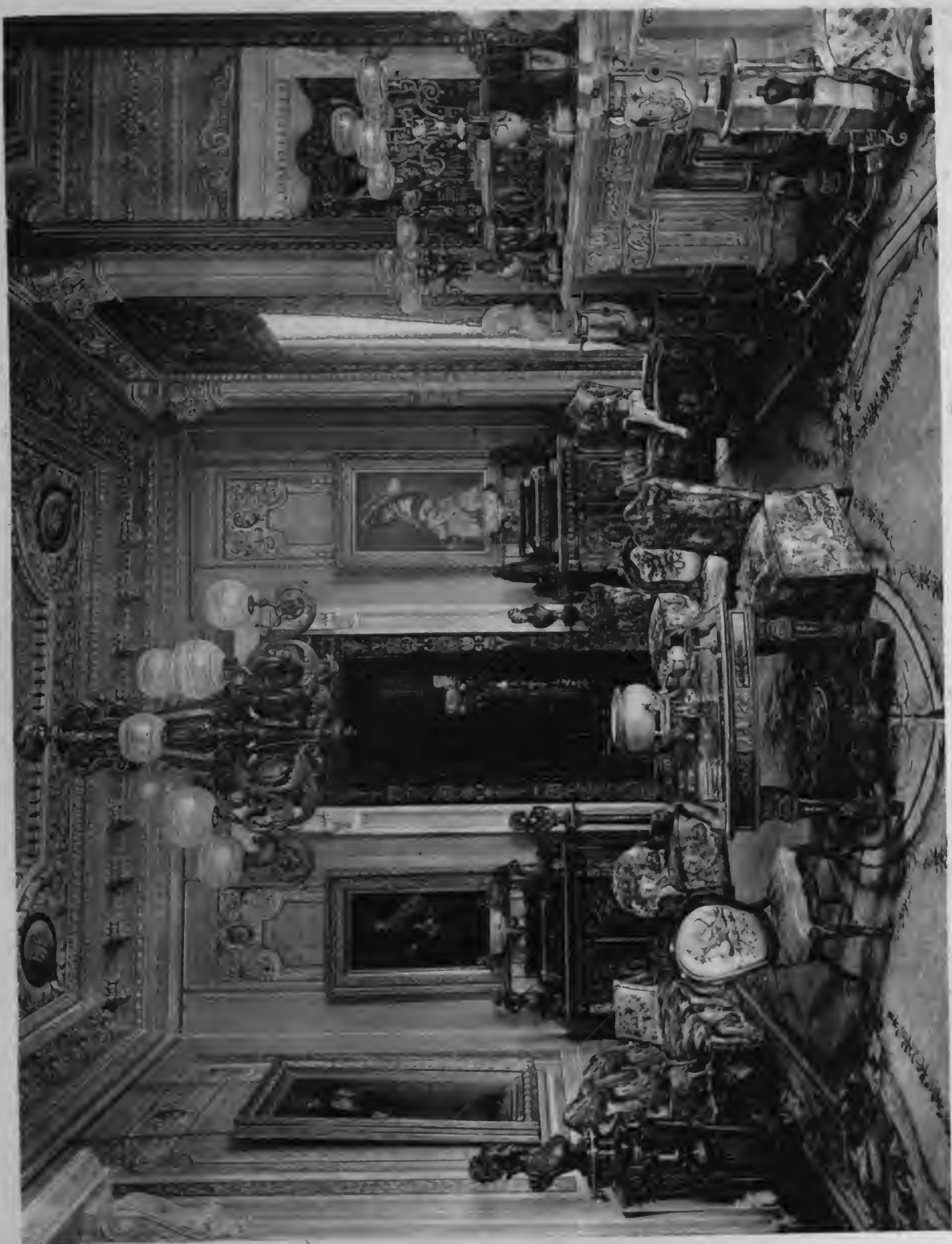
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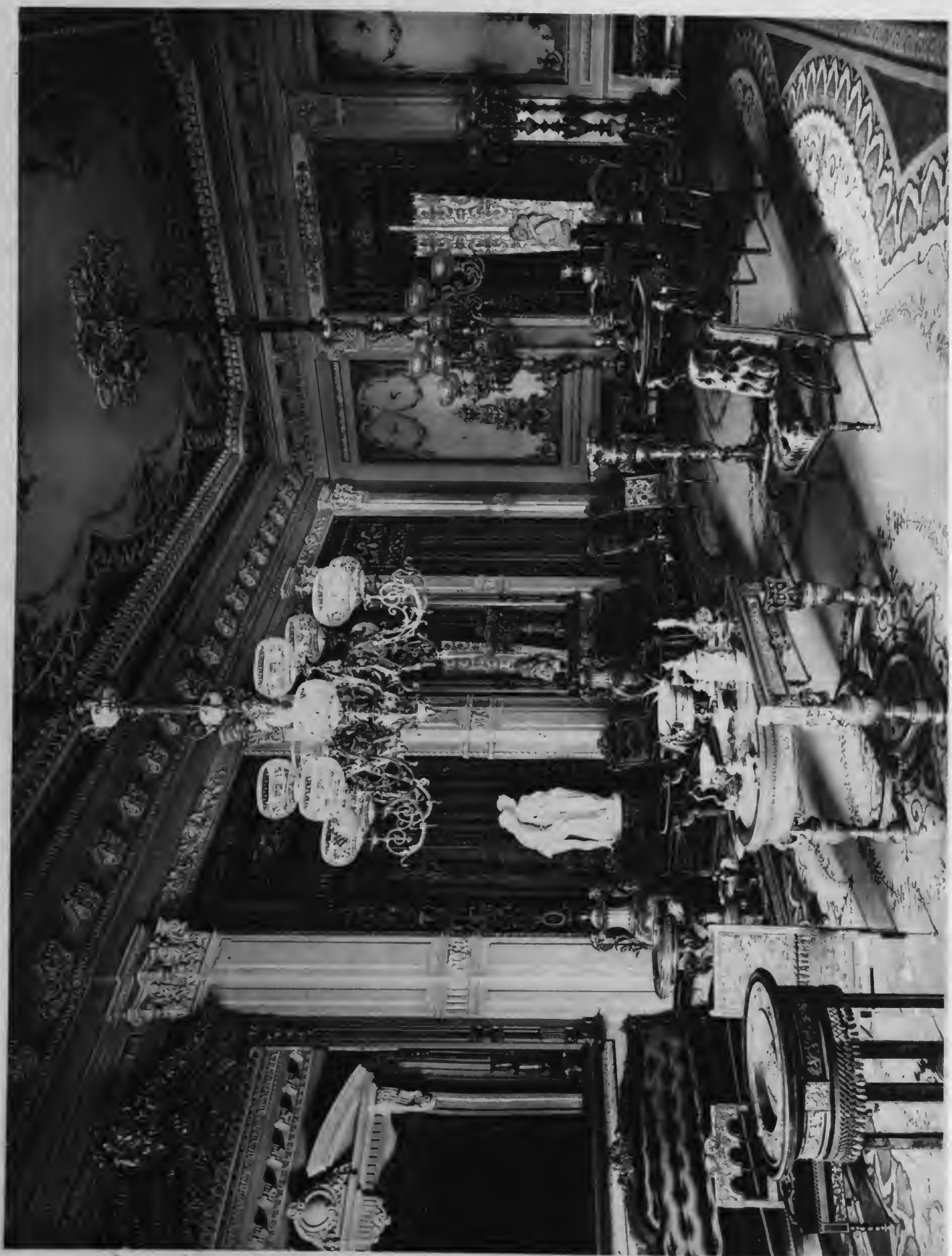
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MRS. A. T. STEWART'S PICTURE-GALLERY (*Second View*).

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MRS. A. T. STEWART'S BED-ROOM.



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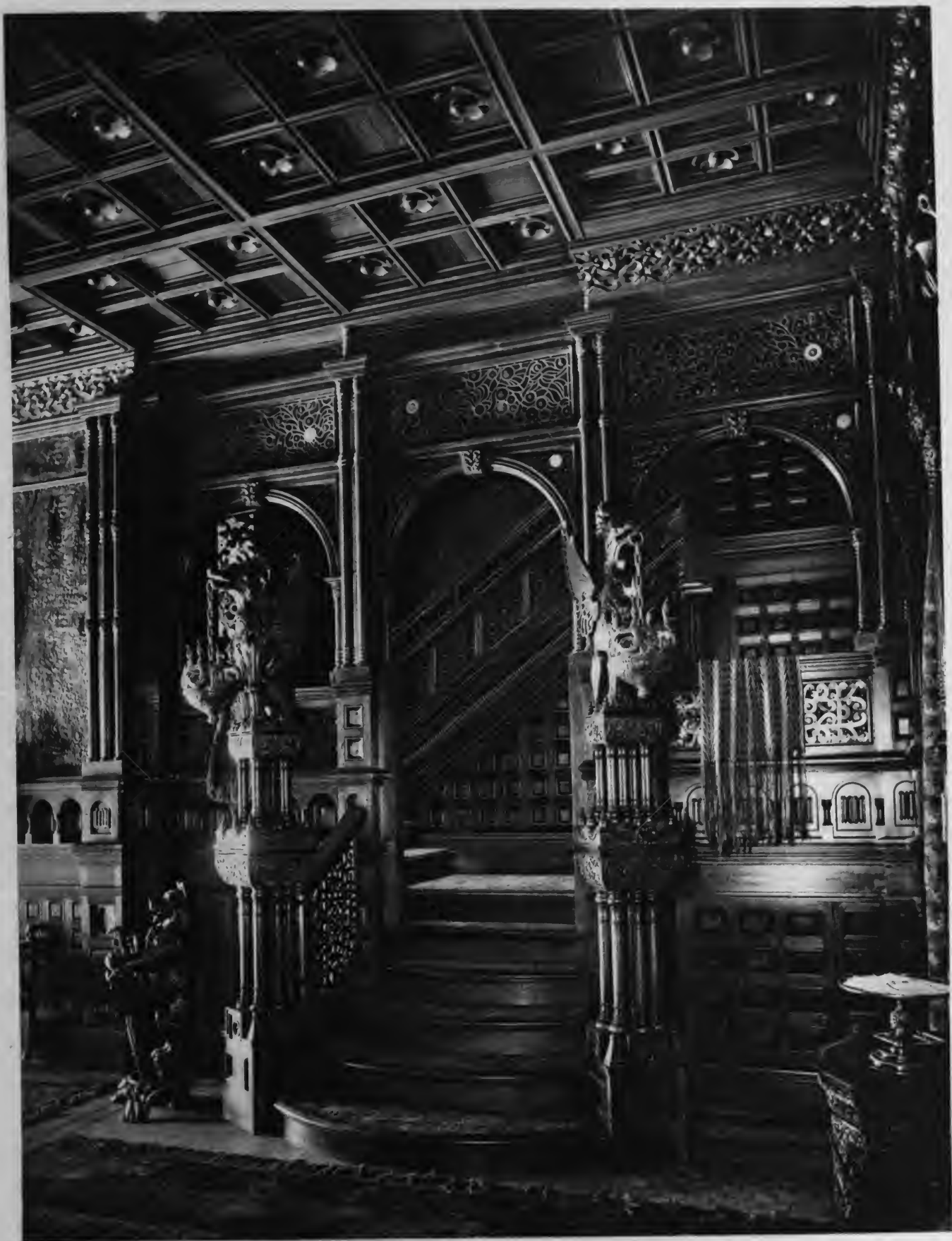
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MR. D. L. EINSTEIN'S MAIN HALL.



MR. D. L. EINSTEIN'S HALL AND STAIRCASE.



MR. D. L. EINSTEIN'S ENTRANCE-HALL.



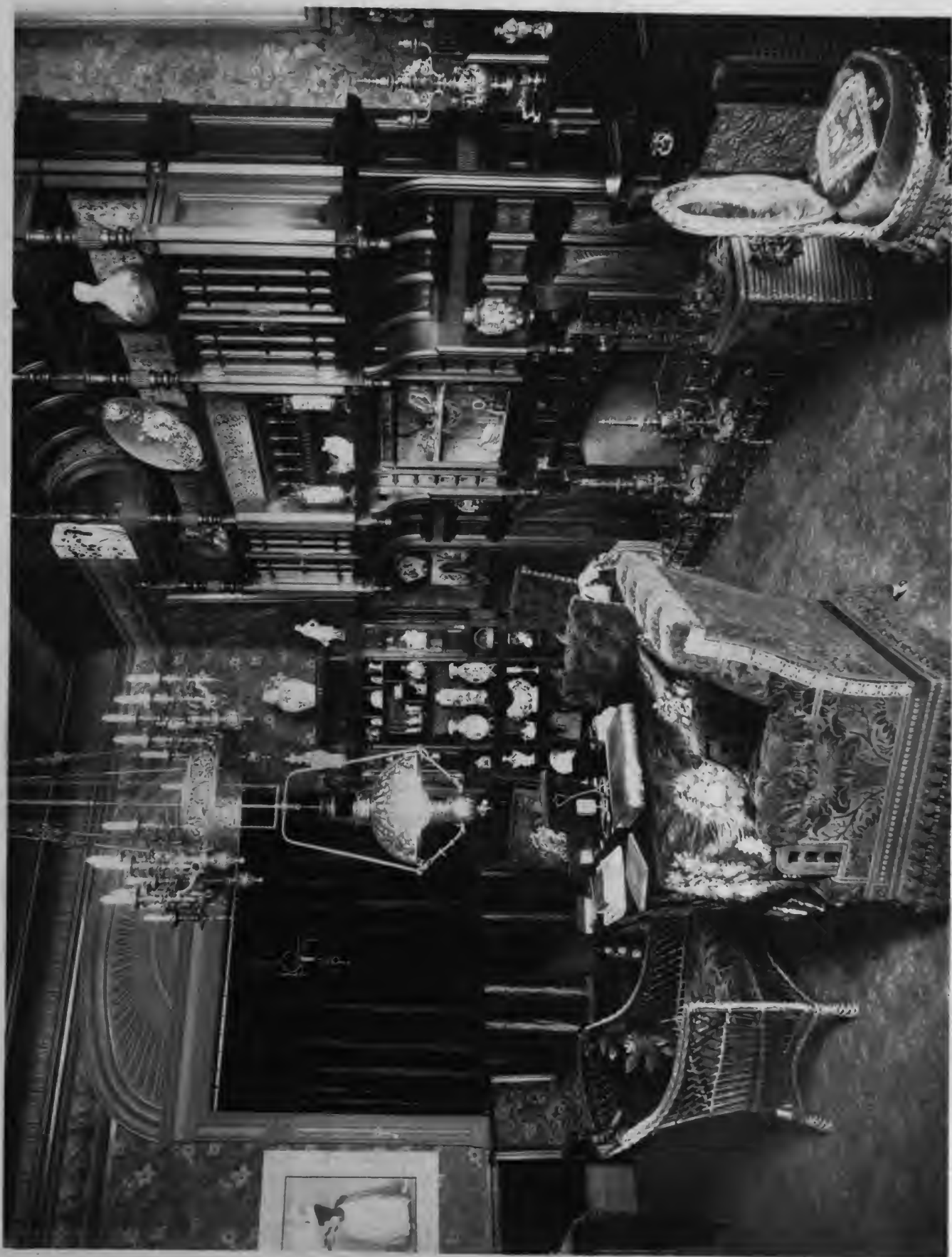
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MR. GEORGE F. BAKER'S HALL.



MR. GEORGE F. BAKER'S DINING-HALL.



JUDGE HILTON'S DINING-ROOM.



JUDGE HILTON'S GRAND SALON.



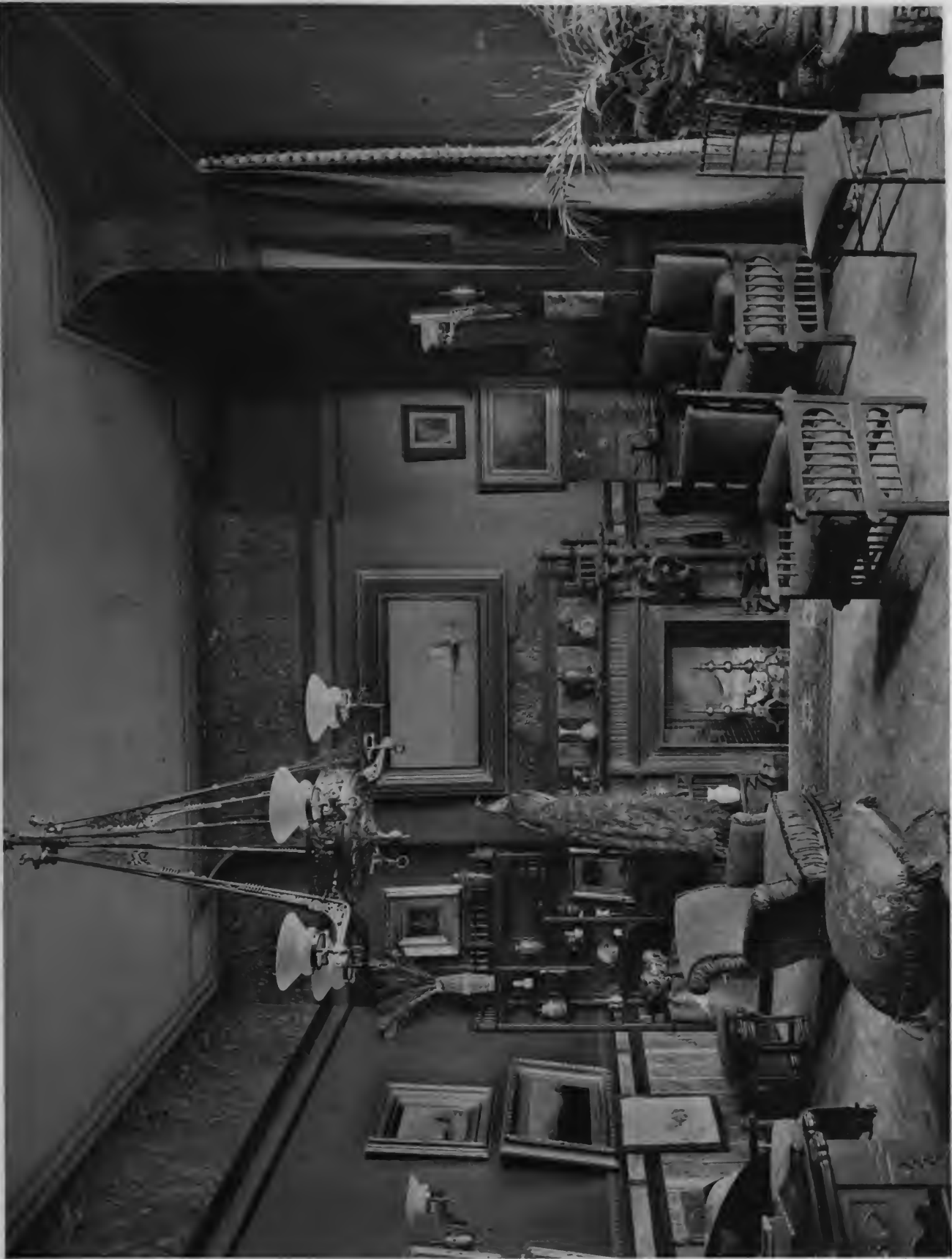
MR. FREDERICK F. THOMPSON'S HALL.



MR. FREDERICK F. THOMPSON'S HALL AND STAIRWAY.

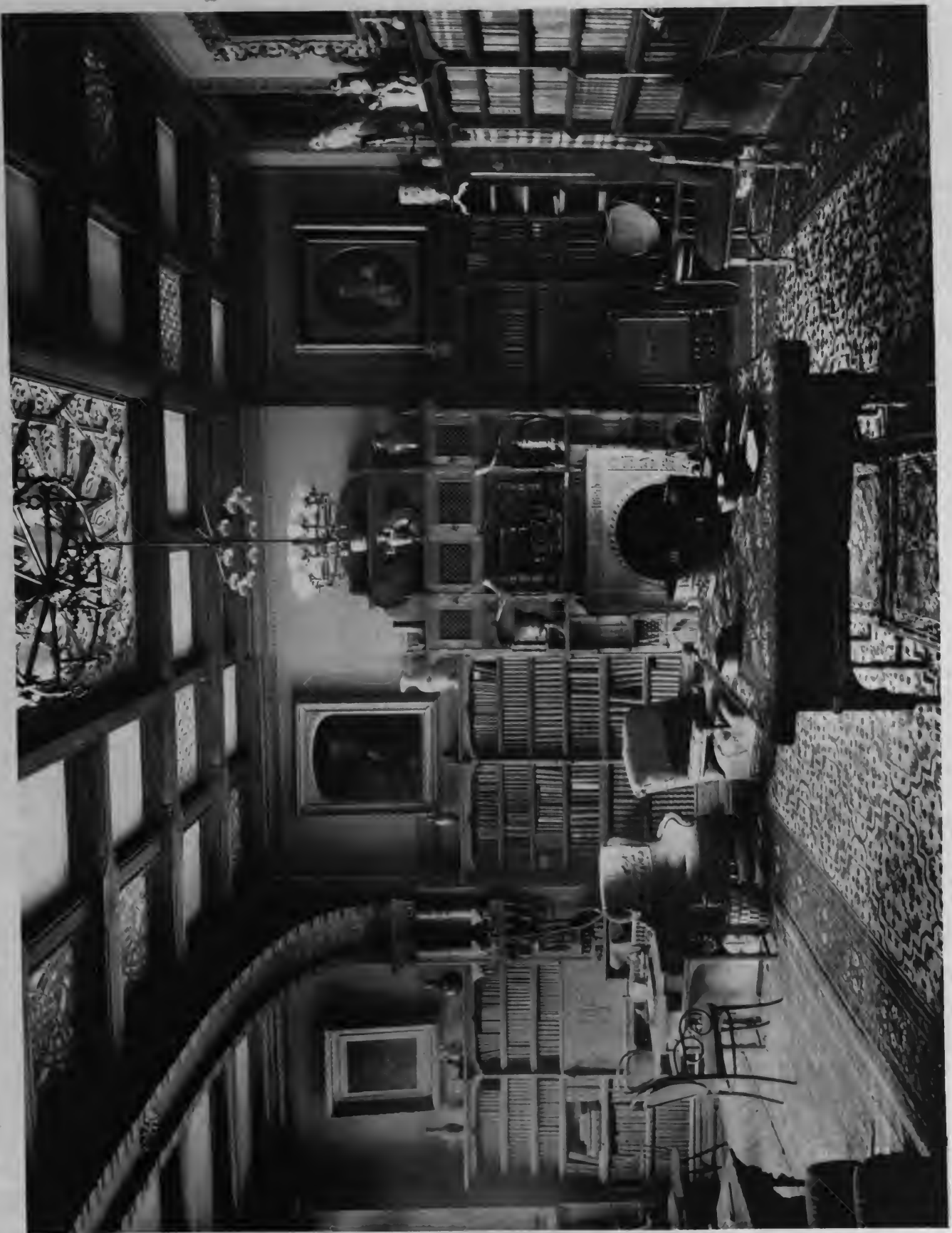


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MR. GEORGE KEMP'S HALL.



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MR. OSWALD OTTENDORFER'S MOORISH PAVILION.



MR. W. G. DOMINICK'S DINING-ROOM.

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MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S STAIRCASE.



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S STAIRCASE (Second View).



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S DRAWING-ROOM.
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MR. EDWARD N. DICKERSON'S DRAWING-ROOM.



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MR. EDWARD N. DICKERSON'S DINING-ROOM.

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